

SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1856.

WHOLE NO. 242.

Current Items.

IMPORTANT DISCOVERIES IN AMERICAN HISTORY.—A very interesting accession, says the *New York Tribune*, is likely to be made to our own early history from the researches of a gentleman, Mr. Buckingham Smith, attached to the Spanish Legation. After long and toilsome research in the Spanish archives, he has found a mass of papers relating to the discoveries, explorations and conquests of the Spaniards in the southern parts of the United States and the territories adjacent. There is nothing more interesting, more romantic, and at the same time more obscure, than the story of these early enterprises. What has thus far been known of Ponce de Leon, Cabeza de Vaca, De Soto, and their brother adventurers, has served to stimulate curiosity without satisfying it. The crusade of Melendez against the Huguenots of Florida, and the atrocious butcheries of St. Augustine and Fort Caroline, where hundreds of Protestants fell victims to the bigotry of Philip II., is a passage of history as little known as it is deeply interesting. On these and many other kindred topics Mr. Smith has discovered documents, written in many instances by the actors themselves, and bringing forth into clear light events which heretofore have lurked in clouds and darkness. He has devoted himself to the task in the spirit of a scholar to whom the pursuit of knowledge is its own reward. His devotion of time and means to these painful and thankless labors will win for him the gratitude of every one capable of appreciating his motives. Selections from the documents are now in press at Madrid, and it is proposed to publish a volume of them in this country, provided subscribers enough can be found to reduce the necessary expense within a moderate compass.

NEGRO PLOT IN TENNESSEE.—A plot for the rising of the negroes in this State has been detected, and caused great excitement in Montgomery county, where it was first discovered. It is alleged that Christmas eve had been fixed upon for the rising, and the most extensive arrangements had been made to carry it out successfully. One white man has been arrested, together with a great many negroes, including many of the generals, captains, and other officers of the supposed movement. Several of them have made full confessions. A large collection of arms and ammunition has been seized. The church at Louisa Furnace had been undermined, and powder placed beneath it, ready to be blown up when filled with people. The plot, it is believed, extends over a wide range of territory south and west. There is an extra patrol on duty every night at Clarksville, and every housekeeper is well armed and prepared for any emergency.

SCALDED TO DEATH BY INHALING STEAM.—A child three years of age, named Daniel Shea, died yesterday at the residence of his parents, No. 52 Park-street, from scalds received on Wednesday last. Coroner Conery held an inquest upon the body, when it appeared in evidence that the deceased, while his parents were in the room, put his mouth to the spout of a kettle containing boiling water, and inhaled the steam to such an extent that death ensued. The jury rendered the following verdict: "That deceased came to his death by being accidentally scalded in putting its mouth to the pipe of a kettle of water on the stove and inhaling the steam, which so severely scalded its throat as to cause inflammation and subsequent death. We censure the parents for their carelessness in being in the room and allowing the child to go to the stove and inhale the steam."—*Tribune*.

COOLNESS UNPARALLELED.—A mercantile firm of this city received this week a letter from the Captain of one of the brigs they chartered, dated Barbadoes, in which he informs them, that as he believes the United States are about going to eternal smash, he has sold ship and cargo and pocketed the money, which he don't think they will ever see again. He concludes with some complimentary allusions to our countrymen, and wishes he had never seen any of them. The vessel is the brig Boston.—*Boston Gazette*.

A RECENT letter from London states that the physicians of Dr. Kane whose health was very delicate when he left this country, have ordered him to the West Indies for the winter, on account of serious pulmonary symptoms which have alarmed them with doubts of his final recovery. He is suffering in consequence of the exposures and privations incident to his last Polar Expedition.

NEW MUSIC.

We have received from the publisher, Horace Waters, 333 Broadway, N. Y., the following new pieces of music.

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Of the merits of this music we can only say in brief, that the five pieces form a handsome collection, and are well worth the price that is asked for them.

PERSONAL AND SPECIAL NOTICES.

Movements of the Editor.

SINCE Mr. Brittan left Fond du Lac, Wisconsin, he has delivered lectures in Beloit (Wis.), Rockford (Ill.), and from a private letter received after the last week's TELEGRAPH had been worked off, we learned that he had then just completed a course in Chicago. His appointments, dating from his last dispatch, are as follows:

Beloit, Wis.	Thursday Evening	November 27th.
Rockford, Ill.	Friday	" 28th.
Milwaukee, Wis.	Sunday (three lectures)	" 30th.
New Albany, Ind.	Tuesday Evening	December 2d.
" "	Wednesday	" 3d.
" "	Thursday	" 4th.
Laporte, " "	Friday	" 5th.
Goshen, " "	Sunday (two lectures)	" 7th.
Coldwater, Mich.	Monday Evening	" 8th.
" "	Tuesday	" 9th.
" "	Wednesday	" 10th.
Edwardsburg, " "	Thursday	" 11th.
Battle Creek, " "	Friday	" 12th.
Jackson, " "	Sunday	" 14th.
" "	Monday	" 15th.
Ltont, " "	Tuesday	" 16th.
Utica, N. Y.	Sunday (two lectures)	" 21st.

Mr. Brittan has delivered nearly forty lectures since he left New York and thus far has not failed of meeting a single appointment. He expects to reach home before Christmas.

The friends in the several places named above, are requested to make their arrangements agreeably to this Programme.

Miss C. M. Beebe.

We are requested to say that, until further notice, Miss C. M. Beebe may be addressed, care of John J. Francis, Utica, N. Y.

Spiritualists' Sunday Meetings.

REV. R. P. AMBLER closed his engagement at Dodworth's Academy, last Sunday. Next Sunday and the Sunday following, he will speak in Troy, after which he goes to Boston to speak a few Sabbaths. Thence he may return to New York, in response to the seemingly universal

wish of those who have listened to him during this present engagement. Mr. Ambler is one of the most intellectual, earnest and eloquent exponents of Spiritualism. His audiences have been large and highly intellectual.

JUDGE EDMONDS will speak at Dodworth's Academy next Sunday, morning and evening, at the usual hours.

REV. T. H. HARRIS will speak in Academy Hall, 663 Broadway, next Sunday morning and evening, at the usual hours.

Miss Hardinge's Entertainment.

THE entertainment advertised in our last two issues, was given by Miss Emma Hardinge, assisted by her choir and several amateur performers, at the Broadway Athenaeum on Wednesday evening of last week, to a crowded audience. The performances consisted of music by Miss H.'s choir; several songs by the "Accidentals," a popular band of amateur singers; a solo by Miss Frank Turner (a young lady with a splendid silvery voice); several beautiful *Tableaux vivants*, and various dramatic readings by Miss Hardinge herself, the latter constituting the most prominent and attractive feature of the evening's entertainment. The performances throughout elicited much hearty and enthusiastic applause. Miss Hardinge evinces a clear conception of her characters, and possesses much dramatic power. Her personation of Julia in a scene from the Hunchback, we do not remember to have ever seen excelled. It may perhaps be said that her fort consists in the acting rather than in the reading part of her performances, though her accomplishments as a reader are by no means of an inferior order. At the close of the entertainment, she was called before the curtain (as she had been once before) and received very enthusiastic testimonials of applause, to which she responded in a brief and appropriate speech.

We understand that it is the intention of Miss Hardinge, provided she receives sufficient encouragement from her friends, to get up a series of evening entertainments during the winter, which, while they will respond to a natural and innocent demand for amusement, will be entirely free from the objectionable features and demoralizing associations too often connected with the ordinary theatrical entertainments. Having, in obedience to her higher aspirations, forsaken a lucrative and successful professional employment at the Theaters, we hope she will be encouraged in this proposed enterprise, and that she may, so far as possible, be instrumental in elevating the standard of theatrical performances, and making of the stage that powerful disseminator of refined tastes and sound morals which it is capable of becoming, but which, unfortunately, it now is not.

Dentistry.

DR. H. SCHOONMAKER, No. 76 East Twelfth-street, after twelve years' professional experience in this city, respectfully informs those who need his services, that every operation will be performed in the most scientific manner. His artificial work embraces every possible requisite, combining neatness in the mechanical execution, practical utility in the process of mastication, and an appearance so life-like as to deceive the most scrutinizing observer. Decayed teeth skillfully filled with gold, which will preserve them from further decay, and render them useful through life. Teeth extracted without pain, by the application of the freezing mixture.

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SPIRITUAL TELEGRAPH

DEVOTED TO THE ILLUSTRATION OF SPIRITUAL INTERCOURSE.

"THE AGITATION OF THOUGHT IS THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

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WHOLE NO. 242.

The Principles of Nature.

CONFESSIONS OF SPIRITS.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTON: GALVESTON, November 13, 1856.

Gentlemen—Ever since the brief visit which our friend, the Rev. T. L. Harris paid us last spring—a visit constituting a new epoch in the spiritual history of Texas—(would that it were in our power to tell him how affectionately we remember him) the manifestations of Spirit-power have been exhibited in this city and (we believe) wherever else he sojourned in this State, with increasing efficiency, in higher forms, with more practical uses and more beautiful adaptations. In the bonds of quiet congeniality, the Spiritualists here have continued to hold their circles and to cultivate the fruits of Spirit intercourse, until mediums of almost every description have become developed, some of extraordinary powers; and much good, which the world knows not of, nor can as yet appreciate, has been accomplished. On a future occasion I may send you an account of these marvelous but truly beautiful developments; but in the present communication such is not my purpose.

Mr. Harris will doubtless recollect Mrs. S. who was partially developed as a pantomimic medium, and behind whose chair, while we sat at supper, stood the noble form of an Indian Chief, who stated that he was Castro, the Lipan. It is of her mediumship I am to speak.

We had been accustomed, privately and at fixed times, to hold regular circles for more than two years prior to the first of June last, without any very satisfactory results. Early in that month, while seated in a circle, a dark Spirit, to our surprise, suddenly took possession of the medium, who manifested great agony and distress. Deep groans, loud screams, abrupt ejaculations, and gestures expressive of horror, despair and frenzied anguish, succeeded. We tried to soothe the troubled Spirit by assurances of sympathy; we endeavored to impart the cheering influence of hope. A lady present became greatly agitated, whereupon the Spirit withdrew; and Mrs. S. immediately passed under another and different influence.

The Spirit that now controlled her addressed us at considerable length. He spoke of the difficulties he had encountered in bringing the medium to her present state of advancement; of the afflictions she had suffered, and of other circumstances which I need not now enumerate—all of which had conspired to attract him to her side and awaken his sympathies in her behalf. He said, our perseverance in holding circles under great discouragements, at regular periods, and for so long a time, had not only greatly aided him in the development of the medium, but had produced a harmony and congeniality in our circle, from which the happiest consequences would result if we continued faithful and progressive as we might.

He informed us that his mission was to the *Spirits in darkness*. To lead them to repentance and humility, to induce them to abandon their depraved courses and enter upon the path leading from their land of wretchedness and despair to the realms of

joy, freedom and never-ending progression, was the work to which his energies were dedicated. He said, that reckoning time as we mortals measured it—*time*, which was as *nothing* to him—his missionary labors had extended over a period of nearly four hundred years. "I left the earthly form," said he, "in the reign of Edward IV. of England.

But I refrain at present from writing more of the history of this glorious being. It would occupy too much space. It may be given to the world at no distant day, provided the cause of spiritual truth is sure to be promoted by its publication—not otherwise.

He informed us that he wanted our circle to become his *assistant* in the great cause of salvation in which he had been so long engaged; that for this he had taken great pains in preparing the medium by a suitable process of development, and that if this *speciality* were once lost, she never again could recover it. She might *perhaps* be a medium for other purposes, but never again for this. He referred to the poor, distressed and smitten Spirit, just now in our midst, and asked what could fill our hearts with such transcendent joy as the consciousness of being instrumental in alleviating the dreadful sufferings endured by such darkened and despairing souls.

How cordially, how earnestly, did we accede to this request! How cheerfully did we pledge our humble efforts to the cause in which we had been invited to enlist as the co-workers of an angel!

He instructed us to receive with kindness the unhappy Spirits who would enter our circle—to adapt our conversation with them, in every case, to the peculiar characteristics of the *individual* with whom we might be speaking, being governed therein by our knowledge of *human nature*, and exercising the same tact, sincerity and prudence, which we would use in conversing with a fellow mortal under like circumstances. "They will always," said he, "relate enough of their past history to give you the proper clue."

Numbers have come to our circle, and related the sad stories of their earthly lives, all of which are faithfully recorded. They would fill a volume if published. I give below one of these "relations" as a specimen. Let it be remembered, however, that these histories are exceedingly various, each being the memoir of an *individual* possessing all the distinctive traits which constitute a separate and conscious identity. They are filled with incidents of thrilling interest, and exhibit life-like pictures of scenes once really performed in the great drama of life, by actors who long ago retired from the stage of mortal existence.

I must refer once more to the "GUARDIAN SPIRIT" of our circle. He is always with us when we meet, and his language and deportment toward each one of us are those of a tried, intimate and familiar friend. As such we regard him, *aye, and devotedly love him!*

His teachings breathe the spirit of pure religion and heavenly charity. Stern, simple and chaste, with no reaching after effect, they embrace a sphere of plain, practical duties, and exhibit the father, the guide and angel friend, with serene distinctness.

He is sometimes severe. I have myself received from his lips *burning words of reproof*, every one of which was richly deserved and thankfully received. I do not believe that an evil habit can be persisted in by a member of this circle. He must quit one or the other. But of this more anon. He gave us the name of "Progressionists," and calls ours the "*Circle of Progression*." He urges upon us "*purity of life*." "The Spirits," he says, "who come to you for counsel, can read your hearts, and if they perceive that your practices do not correspond with the precepts you give, they will turn away and ask in surprise, 'How can we receive advice from such a source?'"

From personal experience and observation, occurring within the past few months, I am almost persuaded that it is impossible for a Spirit from the dark spheres to enter a human circle, *harmoniously organized*, without receiving such impressions as will insure its progression.

The Spirit whose story, as related by himself on the evenings of July 25th and August 10th last, I subjoin, is that of a person of extraordinary talents and distinguished accomplishments—a cotemporary of the celebrated Cagliostro, whose successful simulation of titled personages, and perpetration of long-undetected forgeries, are yet among the traditions of the past age, still recollected in several of the European cities. But written language has no power to convey an adequate idea of the effect, the thrilling pathos, of this "relation" as uttered by the Spirit speaker. The members of the circle sat absorbed, electrified, enchained by his magic eloquence. He wielded our emotions with resistless power, as the tempest drives before it and whirls into fantastic forms the mists and clouds of the surrounding atmosphere. But like effects are of frequent occurrence, and our circles are scenes, not of speaking alone, but of inimitable acting. Every character, true to life, stands forth in its own identity. That poor deluded one, the deceived and abandoned maiden, the strange old woman, with her extravagant fictions, the wretched miser still hugging the chains that bind him to heaps of imaginary gold, while vainly struggling to break them; the robber, the assassin, the parricide, the victim of intemperance, the scoffer, each is presented with all the lineaments of distinct individuality. No orator, however accomplished; no actor, with all the advantages of stage effect; no painter, however skillful, has at any time (as we believe) so swayed and captivated at once the passions and the intellect. The theater, the opera, the pulpit, the forum, the senatorial hall, are tame and common-place, compared with the masterly displays of eloquence, histrionic power and ideal scenic effect exhibited before us, assembled around the table in our humble apartment.

EENEZER ALLEN.

THE FORGER'S TALE.

The medium entranced assumes the posture of a most perfect penman, and her hand passes rapidly over the paper, in imagination before her. The attitude is very graceful and the hand free and rapid in execution. Negligently casting aside the pen (in pantomime)—

"That's what I could do," exclaimed the Spirit; "and" (cross-

ng his wrists as if handcuffed) "this is what it brought me to! Give me but a glimpse of your signature, and I could imitate it so perfectly that you yourself could not detect the fraud. It was your own hand-writing. You would swear that it was no imitation. It was perfect in all its parts—not a shade of difference to the most practiced eye. Your deposits in bank, be they five thousand or fifty thousand dollars—it mattered not—were mine! I could draw them out and transfer them to my own pocket. Such was my practice; and so profound were my disguises, so perfect my art, so flattering my impunities, that I defied discovery. I laughed to scorn the fruitless vigilance of your police. Thousands were always mine, and I reveled in the dream of exhaustless wealth!

"I traveled through all the countries of middle and southern Europe in a style of princely magnificence. I enjoyed all the luxuries that wealth could purchase or *prestige* command. All pleasures coveted by desire, pursued by passion or pictured by fancy, were mine. The banks and mercantile houses of the continent were but the depositories of my wealth. I was a prince, and my subjects, helpless and unconscious, were the wealthy of every land. The millionaire was my slave—my tenant, at will, of the vast accumulations he doted on with more than a mother's love, and guarded with more than a miser's care.

"At the hotels in the various cities where I chose to sojourn, I was received with distinguished deference. I had my suites of rooms in each—my private parlor and dining-room, and for associates, some of the choice bloods of the place. How tastefully were my apartments decorated and furnished! The choicest gems, rare antiques, the *chef d'œuvre* of the painter and the sculptor, the skillful workmanship of renowned artists, collected in course of my peregrinations, glittered and shone in my cabinets. Choice wines and rich viands crowned my tables, while soft music and entrancing odors captivated the senses and lulled the chafed spirit to repose. My opinions were quoted as authority; my acquaintance was sought as an honor. Attracted by the report of my munificence, the *élite* of many climes flocked to my drawing-rooms, to gaze upon the ornate but tasteful profusion of my establishment, and admire the brilliant display of my *bijouerie*. And how often, when some distinguished personage has expressed his admiration of this rare gem, or that diamond seal, or ring, or breast-pin, costing six hundred, eight hundred or a thousand dollars, have I replied, "Do me the honor of accepting it, sir; it gives me pleasure thus to oblige you!"—'tis a mere bagatelle."

"How did I exult in deceiving and mystifying the *old fogies*, and in evading suspicion, investigation or pursuit! Secure in the concealment of profound disguises, I often amused myself by reading in the public papers accounts of the perpetration of ingenious and dark forgeries, whereby large amounts of money had been mysteriously and fraudulently obtained, leaving no trace of the delinquent.

"If industry be a virtue, then did I possess that virtue; for I was indefatigable. I was half a dozen different persons the same day! At one time 'a porter,' I would enter some large mercantile establishment in pursuit of labor; at another a *lady*, making purchases of goods at the counter. In some way I was sure to obtain a view of the signatures I wished to imitate; under some contrivance I would secure a specimen of the handwriting of my intended victims, and perhaps in half an hour afterward, I was in possession of their gold. My means were simple. A little paint to create a few wrinkles, false whiskers, and false hair, were all I required.

"Thus I successively traversed the great cities of Europe, and levied vast contributions with impunity. Not till I returned to my native land was I ever charged with crime. Not a shade of suspicion rested upon my name. There, for the pitiful sum of five hundred dollars, I, who had drawn with impunity ten, twenty, and fifty thousand at a time—for the trifling amount of five hundred dollars—was" (here he held up to view his wrists, as if manacled,) "handcuffed and imprisoned!

"I, but now the sought, the honored, the rich, the flattered—O horror! it can not be! No, 'tis a dreadful dream, and I shall awake. Awake! Ah, when! I, the companion of princes, caught, and like a common felon, handcuffed and imprisoned! O how fallen! The law has at length fastened upon its victim. In vain I struggle in its fatal meshes. There is neither concealment nor flight, and I stand, the gaze of gaping crowds, about to become the tenant of a dungeon! I yield me; I succumb to destiny! Yesterday, the gayest of the gay—the bright particu-

lar star in fashion's dazzling firmament! Now, scorned—pointed at—sneered at by all! * *

"Where are ye now, companions of my revels? Will ye come and take me by the hand? Ah, 'tis not so soft—so white—so cleanly as when ye last grasped it; and these fingers, methinks, no longer glitter with diamonds. Still I am the same; I have not changed! Then why your scoffs? Why turn away as if my touch were pollution? Ye have feasted upon the delicacies which graced my table; ye have praised the qualities of my champagne, imported direct from France; ye have approved the fashion of my garments, and borrowed my coat in order to have your own made *precisely like it*. Perhaps ye would like it now for a pattern, soiled and begrimed though it be by the dirt and filth of my dungeon's floor? Ah, no! the style has changed; it is too antiquated! Well, my boots—will they please you better? True, they lack their recent polish, but they are at your service. No! say ye again? Ah, they, too, have become stale; they are at least a month old! What say ye then, to my apartment—the delicacies of my table—my bread and water? Shall I offer you these? Your pardon, friends; they, too, are unworthy of your acceptance.

"Ah, how often have ye lounged upon my silken ottomans, and been fanned by the zephyrs that played through my rooms, perfumed by bouquets sent me by the beauties of the land!

"They desert me now; I can administer no longer to their caprices or their pleasures. Can I outlive my imprisonment? Can I survive my disgrace? Can I retrieve my position in society, or again reach the sphere in which I was wont to move? Impossible! Ah, branded with these damning stains—impossible! Then farewell world! farewell hope! Let them withdraw the means of self-destruction; they can not compel me to live—they can not force me to eat. I will starve. I will not touch their food. *I will—will die!*"

(Here a pause of perhaps a minute ensued, the medium leaning her forehead upon her hand and appearing to be in great distress.)

"O the agonies of starvation! But my soul was resolved. I grew weaker day by day, and the pangs of hunger became more and more intense. They resorted to every expedient—every artifice in their power—to shake my resolution. They placed food before me, but I remained firm, although my feeble hand would involuntarily creep toward it, as if attracted like iron to the magnet. Yet I would not touch it. Instantly resuming all my firmness, I would shrink back, as if horrified by the tempting repast."

(Here the Spirit ceased to speak for the evening. He did not return until the 19th of August, when he resumed as follows):

"O, hard to resist! O nature, wilt thou never succumb! What demon is it that places the repast before me, whom I have so often besought to spare me that pang! See those tempting viands! O, hard to resist! They have spread them out before me. My mouth, my tongue, my heart, my breast—how they writhe—how goad me to eat! And still I can resist! One drop of water—but a drop; it can not prolong life a great while!" (The medium went through the form of transferring a drop of water, as from a tumbler, with the end of her finger to her tongue.) "O, I could drink oceans! But to live and be pointed at by the finger of scorn, and then hung up for the idle rabble to gaze on! O no! far better as it is. Here no one sees me—no one looks on and laughs at my despair. Let them think they have conquered my resolution—that I have weakly yielded—that I have partaken their food. Aye, let them believe! but when the keeper comes to lead me forth to execution, he will find nothing but this poor frame. And then let them look; their eyes will gaze on *no one*. They may try to resuscitate me, but I am too far gone."

(The medium passed through the death-scene, and the Spirit resumed):

"And thus I laid off the flesh to molder in the dust—food for worms. My soul released—released? aye—from earthly bondage, to be again enchained in another sphere. But I find even the place where I now am better than the loathsome dungeon they had placed me in. Loathsome, indeed, and the more so from the luxury I had lived in—more so from my perfumed baths and the delicacies gathered from the four quarters of the globe, upon which I had feasted; for I had possessed the means of continued enjoyment, and the more I had the more I wanted. My pursuits demanded perpetual activity, and the excitements of danger successively gave zest to the consciousness of security.

These, in endless series, became to me necessary. Without them I should have become imbecile before thirty. Wonder not, then, that my prison was loathsome to a degree; nay, with its cheap diet and want of all attention to cleanliness or health, *insufferable!*

"But when they found that I was resolved upon starvation, then how were their charitable bosoms agitated with affected emotions! 'Shall the great forger—the millionaire,' said they, 'be allowed to starve himself to death in our midst? No salvation for the suicide! He must not escape the scaffold, else we, perhaps, may have to answer for the loss of his soul.' Then followed the most liberal offers of food, which they knew beforehand I would not partake of. My table was loaded with viands, and in the solitude of my dungeon, the dreary hopelessness imaged upon every stone in the grim walls I gazed on, aggravated by the tortures of voluntary inanition, contrasted strangely with the rich banquet so temptingly placed before me.

"Then, because I refused and perished, how did they denounce me! I had deprived the multitude of an interesting spectacle—the pleasure of gazing upon my suspended form! Was it not unpardonable? 'Did I not stop on my way,' says one, 'to see the execution, and now I believe he is dead.' 'Yes, send for the doctor,' cries another. 'How ungrateful!' exclaims the keeper; 'see what heaps of food! see how I feed my prisoners!' I hear them call me 'accursed!' (for I was there,) I hear them pronounce me in tones of execration, 'such an ingrate!' 'such a sinner!'—and I enjoy the scene.

"Then, I see them bring in a plain deal coffin. They place my body upon a truckle. The doctors are busy with my remains. The crowd look on with callous indifference, and my mangled form is at length cast into the rude deal box, and borne by two under-turnkeys, consigned in the most indecent manner to unhallowed earth.

"I then felt my body polluted. My companion in so many adventures—the material recipient of so many proud decorations—the participator of princely wealth and princely honors! How mortifying to behold the form lately so cherished and so prized, now treated with such contumely!

"But while my sympathies thus dwelt upon my lifeless dust, (strange indeed!) I never once thought of the condition in which I had placed my soul. O soul! O Spirit! how much more akin to God art thou than the flesh! My name has ceased to be remembered; but many, even of the second generation, long held me in remembrance. Ah, they had good cause to remember me!

"Now, here I am; and although my condition is anything but pleasant, yet *I know I can progress!*

"Friends, since last I visited your circle, a change has come over me. True, I see no light, but *I have hope*. I say, therefore, my condition is better than when in an earthly prison; for then *I had no hope!* A sinner beyond redemption about to become a suicide—what ray of promise could penetrate the darkness to which I was consigned, *ex cathedra!* The creed of the established Church—the Bible, as interpreted by reverend and *infallible* authority—the dogmas of a mystic but venerable theology which I was taught from childhood to believe in—all condemned the unforgiven to the doom of eternal suffering in a lake of fire. And I believed it; I believed I would so burn and burn forever! *There*, I had no hope; *here*, I have. And when at length, O friends! I shall have reached a sphere of light, then will I return and proclaim the glorious news to those in darkness and despair. When the bright dawn is risen, I will come back to you on wings of joy, and tell you that God is Love. Purer influences prevail; I withdraw me from evil associates, and plead with my superiors to lead me up those rugged rocks."

NOTE.—The Spirit remarked that we might have heard of him as "The Great Forger" of the last age, a name by which he was called after the detection of his delinquency. He said he did not come for advice or instruction—there were those with him able and willing to impart both—but in order to ascend to a higher plane, he came to relate to the circle the outline of his history while in the natural form, and of his subsequent state.

Touching the series of "relations" to which I have referred, there is one peculiarity running through all, and to which there is no exception, namely, the unsparing severity with which these Spirit speakers denounce their sinful conduct while on earth. They will permit nothing to be alleged in excuse or extenuation of their crimes, and often speak of their *earthly selves* in terms of such bitter censure and reproach as to raise the impression that they are speaking of their hated and detested enemies.

"I met my doom at last," says the parricide; "and no one ever

more richly deserved it. Why did they not extract all the blood in my veins, drop by drop? That might possibly have been some atonement for my crimes—but no! not if it had been oceans!"

But I am writing too much. I should be glad, however, to elicit opinion, and awaken renewed interest in the cause of human Progress.

Ever yours,

E. A.

SPIRITUALISM UNFAVORABLE TO ATHEISM.

BY DR. HARE.

From the opinion sanctioned by Mr. Tiffany, that Spiritualism has been atheistic in its tendency, I entirely dissent. So discordant with a belief in spiritual existence is atheism, that the atheistic members of the Sunday Institute have been as difficult to convert as any believers in the divinity of Christ. Hence it is manifest that there is no tendency on the part of atheism toward Spiritualism; however, in Mr. Tiffany's opinion, Spiritualism may have a tendency toward atheism.

There are two grounds which may be taken with an orthodox Christian, which cannot be taken with an atheist: first, that as human testimony is the only evidence of the facts or occurrences recorded in Scripture, this testimony should be admitted as evidence in other cases; and secondly, that the credibility of Spirit manifestations, as compared with the alleged revelations, or inspirations of Scripture, must be as the reliability of the witnesses in the one case, to their reliability in the other.

But atheists, not having adopted any religious belief in *obedience to human testimony*, are not inconsistent in denying its competency in the instance of Spiritualism.

The great obstacle to a belief in the existence of a Deity, on the part of atheists, is their incapacity to conceive of the existence of *mind*, independently of that ponderable matter which to them appears to be the basis of all the phenomena of the Universe. Hence they are called Materialists. When through the Spirit manifestations, any one is convinced that there may be beings endowed with reason and mechanical power, and that the minds of their departed friends exist in another world, concentric with the terrestrial surface, the obstacle to the existence of a Deity, exercising similar reason and power, to an extent commensurate with the vastness of the universe, is removed.

I have stated, both in my lectures and in my work on Spiritualism, that my having always believed in the spiritual power of God, made it easy for me to believe a similar power to exist in other spiritual beings, however minute, comparatively. But is not the converse equally evident, that if there can be comparatively minute beings who can neutralize gravity and *vis inertiae*, so as to move weight without weight; that gravity and *vis inertiae*, being dependent on volition, may owe their existence to the volition of some being who may possess intellectual power almost infinitely superior to those whose existences have been demonstrated?

All the Spirits are believers in God, so far as I have learned. A reviewer in the *N. Y. Tribune* alleged, that in the communications from the Spirits there was too much of what he called "Theosophy." So far as my judgment goes, the Spirits refer to God quite as often as would seem reasonable.

The strongest argument in favor of the existence of a Creator, is that the universe can not be conceived to be self-created. To this the atheist replies, that the assumption of a Creator, as the cause, involves that Creator to be self-created; and inasmuch as such a being must be more wonderful than his supposed works, it is at least as unreasonable to assume him to be self-created as to make this claim for those works. But manifestly self-creation either in one case or in the other, is impossible; since the exercise of the creative power can not precede its own existence. The maker must exist, before he can exercise the power of making.

But as the necessity on the part of the Creator for self-creation, is avoided by attributing to him eternity, so the necessity of self-creation on the part of the universe may be avoided, by the supposition of eternal endurance. In this stage of the argument, I would urge, the existence of the material universe enduring from eternity, is not more evident than the display of a governing mind therewith associated; and that the existence of a governing mind thus manifested, is as undeniable as the existence of the matter which it governs. This governing mind, wherever or however it may exist, is God.

The Materialist appeals to experience, that mind can not move and control matter. The idea that the will of God can be identified with gravitation, *vis inertiae*, chemical affinity, or electro-polar attraction and repulsion, seems too great a postulate in opposition to all human experience. But this objection is removed when,

through the facts with which spiritual manifestations make us acquainted, we see that the weightless Spirits of our departed friends can actuate ponderable matter and so move it, as to display reason in the result. It may therefore be inferred that the tendency of Spiritualism is altogether favorable to a belief in the possibility of that control of matter by mind, which, when wanting in any person, makes him incredulous that any being can exist who controls all things by his volition. Of course the tendency of Spiritualism is the opposite of that which has been alleged by my esteemed Brother Tiffany.

DEVELOPMENT vs. DEITY.

MESSRS. EDITORS:

Noticing an article in your paper of November 1, under the heading of "Development Theory," by Wm. S. Andrews, wherein he deprecates the atheistical tendency of the development theory, induces me to offer a few comments suggested to my mind by it.

The evidences that the "Development Theory" is the true record of Nature's past operations, are so strongly confirmed by geological, astronomical, chemical and ethnological researches, that probably no philosopher now living attempts to gainsay them. That they conflict with prevalent theological notions is also evident, from the strenuous efforts made by divines to resist or to explain away their obvious effects. This seems to be the purpose of Mr. Andrews, who fears that Spiritualism will not prosper unless relieved of the odium. That there should be no objection on this score, is the purport of my present showing.

And first, let me ask why should the belief of a Deity be popularized? As opinions are formed from evidence, and therefore involuntary, an individual deserves neither praise nor censure for entertaining them. The despotism of coercing professions, we know to be the great cause of hypocrisy—a vice universally condemned. That honest sentiments should be freely expressed, is the spirit of this republican age, and as universally admitted, for unless an earnestness and sincerity are manifested, no progress in knowledge or virtue will ever be made. These axioms embrace all topics, spiritual and mundane, and are too evident to need further exemplification.

With the basis established, let us proceed to conclusions. The evidences concerning Deity are as varied as the individualities. What one mind admits, another rejects, and this, too, in perfect sincerity. Why? Because our organisms vary. Intellect flowing from a brain in which veneration, wonder and constructiveness preponderate, will search for a superior power that it supposes must have created all it observes. Another having large organs of comparison, causality and strong perceptive faculties, observes that his own powers are finite, and that *finite powers can never comprehend the infinite*. And as Deity must be infinite, all knowledge concerning it is therefore utterly precluded. Hence such an intellect sees an utter absurdity and worse than foolish waste of time that must inevitably result in such speculations. The arguments *pro* and *con*, being about equal, and depending almost wholly upon the organization of the individual, bid fair to be earnestly discussed both here and hereafter, indefinitely, without the possibility of arriving at any demonstrations.

In this state of the question, the utilitarian asks what good arises from believing in a Deity at all? Does belief make a man wiser or better? Certainly not; for it is involuntary, and looking to its past influence, history will be searched in vain to show that mere belief ever reformed any moral, social or political evil. Belief is the handmaid of Ignorance, causing men to follow false lights that never lead to knowledge. Knowledge alone stimulates action that attains the truth. Belief, never doubting, is the silken cord of indolence that makes man the willing slave of superstition and despotism. The immoralities, cruelties and miseries which darken the pages of history, can be traced directly to them, for superstition and despotism shun the light of knowledge and liberty. The Reformer finds belief the great stumbling-block and enemy that waylays and destroys his efforts in hastening the progress of mankind from their state of primeval ignorance and disordered conditions, to the glorious era when knowledge, truth and universal justice shall prevail.

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Nor is belief in a Deity pertinent to Spiritualism. To assert that Deity governs the universe by the uniform and certain laws observed by us in Nature's operations, is but deifying the laws—a new change of words, not worth a controversy. For such a Deity, if one exists, can be of no greater consequence hereafter than here—a mere passive or inert cypher. The only Deity who can be feared by us, is one possessing an arbitrary and capricious will—a character which any theologian would consider blasphemous, and which I, too, am unwilling to admit the existence of upon mere belief.

GEORGE B. SMITH.

SANDUSKY, O., December 8, 1856.

CLAIRVOYANT DIAGNOSTICATIONS.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Much has been said about Clairvoyants being governed by sympathy in their medical examinations. Now it may be so in some cases, but, judging from personal experience, I think it cannot be sympathy independent of some governing intelligence. Sometimes when circumstances are favorable, I cannot give an examination, and, *vice versa*. I will here relate one or two instances connected with my own experience.

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However others may give their examinations, I am fully persuaded that I am governed in mine by some intelligence both beyond myself and the one I examine.

E. W. S.

PROFITS OF GRAPES.—The culture of green-house grapes, within twenty miles of Boston, is quite extensive, and the amount of money invested in houses for their growth must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands of dollars. There are several growers who have annual crops of from one to five tons, commanding a price of from \$1 to \$3 the pound, varying with the season in which the crop is ripened. In the neighborhood of Cincinnati there are more than two thousand acres in grapes. The profits per year, average, taking one year with another, about \$500 per acre. The cost of planting ranges \$100 to \$300 per acre. The expense, with ordinary land, need not exceed \$150 per acre.

ng his wrists as if handcuffed) "this is what it brought me to! Give me but a glimpse of your signature, and I could imitate it so perfectly that you yourself could not detect the fraud. It was your own hand-writing. You would swear that it was no imitation. It was perfect in all its parts—not a shade of difference to the most practiced eye. Your deposits in bank, be they five thousand or fifty thousand dollars—it mattered not—were mine! I could draw them out and transfer them to my own pocket. Such was my practice; and so profound were my disguises, so perfect my art, so flattering my impunities, that I defied discovery. I laughed to scorn the fruitless vigilance of your police. Thousands were always mine, and I reveled in the dream of exhaustless wealth!

"I traveled through all the countries of middle and southern Europe in a style of princely magnificence. I enjoyed all the luxuries that wealth could purchase or *prestige* command. All pleasures coveted by desire, pursued by passion or pictured by fancy, were mine. The banks and mercantile houses of the continent were but the depositories of my wealth. I was a prince, and my subjects, helpless and unconscious, were the wealthy of every land. The millionaire was my slave—my tenant, at will, of the vast accumulations he doted on with more than a mother's love, and guarded with more than a miser's care.

"At the hotels in the various cities where I chose to sojourn, I was received with distinguished deference. I had my suites of rooms in each—my private parlor and dining-room, and for associates, some of the choice bloods of the place. How tastefully were my apartments decorated and furnished! The choicest gems, rare antiques, the *chef d'œuvres* of the painter and the sculptor, the skillful workmanship of renowned artists, collected in course of my peregrinations, glittered and shone in my cabinets. Choice wines and rich viands crowned my tables, while soft music and entrancing odors captivated the senses and lulled the chafed spirit to repose. My opinions were quoted as authority; my acquaintance was sought as an honor. Attracted by the report of my munificence, the *élite* of many climes flocked to my drawing-rooms, to gaze upon the ornate but tasteful profusion of my establishment, and admire the brilliant display of my *bijoutrie*. And how often, when some distinguished personage has expressed his admiration of this rare gem, or that diamond seal, or ring, or breast-pin, costing six hundred, eight hundred or a thousand dollars, have I replied, "Do me the honor of accepting it, sir; it gives me pleasure thus to oblige you!"—'tis a mere bagatelle."

"How did I exult in deceiving and mystifying the *old fogies*, and in evading suspicion, investigation or pursuit! Secure in the concealment of profound disguises, I often amused myself by reading in the public papers accounts of the perpetration of ingenious and dark forgeries, whereby large amounts of money had been mysteriously and fraudulently obtained, leaving no trace of the delinquent.

"If industry be a virtue, then did I possess that virtue; for I was indefatigable. I was half a dozen different persons the same day! At one time 'a porter,' I would enter some large mercantile establishment in pursuit of labor; at another a *lady*, making purchases of goods at the counter. In some way I was sure to obtain a view of the signatures I wished to imitate; under some contrivance I would secure a specimen of the handwriting of my intended victims, and perhaps in half an hour afterward, I was in possession of their gold. My means were simple. A little paint to create a few wrinkles, false whiskers, and false hair, were all I required.

"Thus I successively traversed the great cities of Europe, and levied vast contributions with impunity. Not till I returned to my native land was I ever charged with crime. Not a shade of suspicion rested upon my name. There, for the pitiful sum of five hundred dollars, I, who had drawn with impunity ten, twenty, and fifty thousand at a time—for the trifling amount of five hundred dollars—was" (here he held up to view his wrists, as if manacled,) "handcuffed and imprisoned!

"I, but now the sought, the honored, the rich, the flattered—O horror! it can not be! No, 'tis a dreadful dream, and I shall awake. Awake? Ah, when! I, the companion of princes, caught, and like a common felon, handcuffed and imprisoned! O how fallen! The law has at length fastened upon its victim. In vain I struggle in its fatal meshes. There is neither concealment nor flight, and I stand, the gaze of gaping crowds, about to become the tenant of a dungeon! I yield me; I succumb to destiny! Yesterday, the gayest of the gay—the bright particu-

lar star in fashion's dazzling firmament! Now, scorned—pointed at—sneered at by all! * *

"Where are ye now, companions of my revels? Will ye come and take me by the hand? Ah, 'tis not so soft—so white—so cleanly as when ye last grasped it; and these fingers, methinks, no longer glitter with diamonds. Still I am the same; I have not changed! Then why your scoffs! Why turn away as if my touch were pollution? Ye have feasted upon the delicacies which graced my table; ye have praised the qualities of my champagne, imported direct from France; ye have approved the fashion of my garments, and borrowed my coat in order to have your own made *precisely like it*. Perhaps ye would like it now for a pattern, soiled and begrimed though it be by the dirt and filth of my dungeon's floor? Ah, no! the style has changed; it is too antiquated! Well, my boots—will they please you better? True, they lack their recent polish, but they are at your service. No! say ye again? Ah, they, too, have become stale; they are at least a month old! What say ye then, to my apartment—the delicacies of my table—my bread and water? Shall I offer you these? Your pardon, friends; they, too, are unworthy of your acceptance.

"Ah, how often have ye lounged upon my silken ottomans, and been fanned by the zephyrs that played through my rooms, perfumed by bouquets sent me by the beauties of the land!

"They desert me now; I can administer no longer to their caprices or their pleasures. Can I outlive my imprisonment? Can I survive my disgrace? Can I retrieve my position in society, or again reach the sphere in which I was wont to move? Impossible! Ah, branded with these damning stains—impossible! Then farewell world! farewell hope! Let them withdraw the means of self-destruction; they can not compel me to live—they can not force me to eat. I will starve. I will not touch their food. *I will—will die!*"

(Here a pause of perhaps a minute ensued, the medium leaning her forehead upon her hand and appearing to be in great distress.)

"O the agonies of starvation! But my soul was resolved. I grew weaker day by day, and the pangs of hunger became more and more intense. They resorted to every expedient—every artifice in their power—to shake my resolution. They placed food before me, but I remained firm, although my feeble hand would involuntarily creep toward it, as if attracted like iron to the magnet. Yet I would not touch it. Instantly resuming all my firmness, I would shrink back, as if horrified by the tempting repast."

(Here the Spirit ceased to speak for the evening. He did not return until the 19th of August, when he resumed as follows):

"O, hard to resist! O nature, wilt thou never succumb! What demon is it that places the repast before me, whom I have so often besought to spare me that pang! See those tempting viands! O, hard to resist! They have spread them out before me. My mouth, my tongue, my heart, my breast—how they writhe—how goad me to eat! And still I can resist! One drop of water—but a drop; it can not prolong life a great while!" (The medium went through the form of transferring a drop of water, as from a tumbler, with the end of her finger to her tongue.) "O, I could drink oceans! But to live and be pointed at by the finger of scorn, and then hung up for the idle rabble to gaze on! O no! far better as it is. Here no one sees me—no one looks on and laughs at my despair. Let them think they have conquered my resolution—that I have weakly yielded—that I have partaken their food. Aye, let them believe! but when the keeper comes to lead me forth to execution, he will find nothing but this poor frame. And then let them look; their eyes will gaze on *no one*. They may try to resuscitate me, but I am too far gone."

(The medium passed through the death-scene, and the Spirit resumed):

"And thus I laid off the flesh to molder in the dust—food for worms. My soul released—released? aye—from earthly bondage, to be again enchain'd in another sphere. But I find even the place where I now am better than the loathsome dungeon they had placed me in. Loathsome, indeed, and the more so from the luxury I had lived in—more so from my perfumed baths and the delicacies gathered from the four quarters of the globe, upon which I had feasted; for I had possessed the means of continued enjoyment, and the more I had the more I wanted. My pursuits demanded perpetual activity, and the excitements of danger successively gave zest to the consciousness of security.

These, in endless series, became to me necessary. Without them I should have become imbecile before thirty. Wonder not, then, that my prison was loathsome to a degree; nay, with its cheap diet and want of all attention to cleanliness or health, *insufferable!*

"But when they found that I was resolved upon starvation, then how were their charitable bosoms agitated with affected emotions! 'Shall the great forger—the millionaire,' said they, 'be allowed to starve himself to death in our midst? No salvation for the suicide! He must not escape the scaffold, else we, perhaps, may have to answer for the loss of his soul.' Then followed the most liberal offers of food, which they knew beforehand I would not partake of. My table was loaded with viands, and in the solitude of my dungeon, the dreary hopelessness imaged upon every stone in the grim walls I gazed on, aggravated by the tortures of voluntary inanition, contrasted strangely with the rich banquet so temptingly placed before me.

"Then, because I refused and perished, how did they denounce me! I had deprived the multitude of an interesting spectacle—the pleasure of gazing upon my suspended form! Was it not unpardonable? 'Did I not stop on my way,' says one, 'to see the execution, and now I believe he is dead.' 'Yes, send for the doctor,' cries another. 'How ungrateful!' exclaims the keeper; 'see what heaps of food! see how I feed my prisoners!' I hear them call me 'accursed!' (for I was there,) I hear them pronounce me in tones of execration, 'such an ingrate!' 'such a sinner!'—and I enjoy the scene.

"Then, I see them bring in a plain deal coffin. They place my body upon a truckle. The doctors are busy with my remains. The crowd look on with callous indifference, and my mangled form is at length cast into the rude deal box, and borne by two under-turnkeys, consigned in the most indecent manner to unhallowed earth.

"I then felt my body polluted. My companion in so many adventures—the material recipient of so many proud decorations—the participator of princely wealth and princely honors! How mortifying to behold the form lately so cherished and so prized, now treated with such contumely!

"But while my sympathies thus dwell upon my lifeless dust, (strange indeed!) I never once thought of the condition in which I had placed my soul. O soul! O Spirit! how much more akin to God art thou than the flesh! My name has ceased to be remembered; but many, even of the second generation, long held me in remembrance. Ah, they had good cause to remember me!

"Now, here I am; and although my condition is anything but pleasant, yet *I know I can progress!*

"Friends, since last I visited your circle, a change has come over me. True, I see no light, but *I have hope*. I say, therefore, my condition is better than when in an earthly prison, for then *I had no hope!* A sinner beyond redemption about to become a suicide—what ray of promise could penetrate the darkness to which I was consigned, *ex cathedra!* The creed of the established Church—the Bible, as interpreted by reverend and *infallible* authority—the dogmas of a mystic but venerable theology which I was taught from childhood to believe in—all condemned the unforgiven to the doom of eternal suffering in a lake of fire. And I believed it; I believed I would so burn and burn forever! *There, I had no hope; here, I have.* And when at length, O friends! I shall have reached a sphere of light, then will I return and proclaim the glorious news to those in darkness and despair. When the bright dawn is risen, I will come back to you on wings of joy, and tell you that God is Love. Purer influences prevail; I withdraw me from evil associates, and plead with my superiors to lead me up those rugged rocks."

NOTE.—The Spirit remarked that we might have heard of him as "The Great Forger" of the last age, a name by which he was called after the detection of his delinquency. He said he did not come for advice or instruction—there were those with him able and willing to impart both—but in order to ascend to a higher plane, he came to relate to the circle the outline of his history while in the natural form, and of his subsequent state.

Touching the series of "relations" to which I have referred, there is one peculiarity running through all, and to which there is no exception, namely, the unsparing severity with which these Spirit speakers denounce their sinful conduct while on earth. They will permit nothing to be alleged in excuse or extenuation of their crimes, and often speak of their *earthly selves* in terms of such bitter censure and reproach as to raise the impression that they are speaking of their hated and detested enemies.

"I met my doom at last," says the parricide; "and no one ever

more richly deserved it. Why did they not extract all the blood in my veins, drop by drop? That might possibly have been some atonement for my crimes—but no! not if it had been oceans!"

But I am writing too much. I should be glad, however, to elicit opinion, and awaken renewed interest in the cause of human Progress.

Ever yours,

E. A.

SPIRITUALISM UNFAVORABLE TO ATHEISM.

BY DR. HARE.

FROM the opinion sanctioned by Mr. Tiffany, that Spiritualism has been atheistic in its tendency, I entirely dissent. So discordant with a belief in spiritual existence is atheism, that the atheistic members of the Sunday Institute have been as difficult to convert as any believers in the divinity of Christ. Hence it is manifest that there is no tendency on the part of atheism toward Spiritualism; however, in Mr. Tiffany's opinion, Spiritualism may have a tendency toward atheism.

There are two grounds which may be taken with an orthodox Christian, which cannot be taken with an atheist: first, that as human testimony is the only evidence of the facts or occurrences recorded in Scripture, this testimony should be admitted as evidence in other cases; and secondly, that the credibility of Spirit manifestations, as compared with the alleged revelations, or inspirations of Scripture, must be as the reliability of the witnesses in the one case, to their reliability in the other.

But atheists, not having adopted any religious belief in obedience to human testimony, are not inconsistent in denying its competency in the instance of Spiritualism.

The great obstacle to a belief in the existence of a Deity, on the part of atheists, is their incapacity to conceive of the existence of *mind*, independently of that ponderable matter which to them appears to be the basis of all the phenomena of the Universe. Hence they are called Materialists. When through the Spirit manifestations, any one is convinced that there may be beings endowed with reason and mechanical power, and that the minds of their departed friends exist in another world, concentric with the terrestrial surface, the obstacle to the existence of a Deity, exercising similar reason and power, to an extent commensurate with the vastness of the universe, is removed.

I have stated, both in my lectures and in my work on Spiritualism, that my having always believed in the spiritual power of God, made it easy for me to believe a similar power to exist in other spiritual beings, however minute, comparatively. But is not the converse equally evident, that if there can be comparatively minute beings who can neutralize gravity and *vis inertiae*, so as to move weight without weight; that gravity and *vis inertiae*, being dependent on volition, may owe their existence to the volition of some being who may possess intellectual power almost infinitely superior to those whose existences have been demonstrated?

All the Spirits are believers in God, so far as I have learned. A reviewer in the *N. Y. Tribune* alleged, that in the communications from the Spirits there was too much of what he called "Theosophy." So far as my judgment goes, the Spirits refer to God quite as often as would seem reasonable.

The strongest argument in favor of the existence of a Creator, is that the universe can not be conceived to be self-created. To this the atheist replies, that the assumption of a Creator, as the cause, involves that Creator to be self-created; and inasmuch as such a being must be more wonderful than his supposed works, it is at least as unreasonable to assume him to be self-created as to make this claim for those works. But manifestly self-creation either in one case or in the other, is impossible; since the exercise of the creative power can not precede its own existence. The maker must exist, before he can exercise the power of making.

But as the necessity on the part of the Creator for self-creation, is avoided by attributing to him eternity, so the necessity of self-creation on the part of the universe may be avoided, by the supposition of eternal endurance. In this stage of the argument, I would urge, the existence of the material universe enduring from eternity, is not more evident than the display of a governing mind therewith associated; and that the existence of a governing mind thus manifested, is as undeniable as the existence of the matter which it governs. This governing mind, wherever or however it may exist, is God.

The Materialist appeals to experience, that mind can not move and control matter. The idea that the will of God can be identified with gravitation, *vis inertiae*, chemical affinity, or electro-polar attraction and repulsion, seems too great a postulate in opposition to all human experience. But this objection is removed when,

through the facts with which spiritual manifestations make us acquainted, we see that the weightless Spirits of our departed friends can actuate ponderable matter and so move it, as to display reason in the result. It may therefore be inferred that the tendency of Spiritualism is altogether favorable to a belief in the possibility of that control of matter by mind, which, when wanting in any person, makes him incredulous that any being can exist who controls all things by his volition. Of course the tendency of Spiritualism is the opposite of that which has been alleged by my esteemed Brother Tiffany.

DEVELOPMENT vs. DEITY.

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Another instance: A gentleman from another state sent me a lock of his hair, desirous of medical examination. I seated myself in a passive state, with the lock of hair in my hand quite a number of times, but could not get any impressions of his case, although I gave other examinations in the mean time, until one evening, a person called for an examination, and when I became entranced, instead of giving the person present one, I mentioned the name of the gentleman in question, and not only gave the symptoms of his case, but the cause of the disease, and also the medicine he was then taking, and its effect, which all proved to be correct.

Those two instances satisfy me that I had control over the matter, and that some intelligence beyond myself, was showing me those things. I am not always influenced alike in giving examinations. Sometimes I both see the diseased condition and feel the symptoms. Sometimes I see the disease without any sympathetic feelings. Other times I feel the pains and tell the cause by impression. I find I am influenced in a way that will have the most effect upon the mind of the individual, and tend most to convince him of Spirit presence. The language used by Jesus is truly applicable to me: "I can do nothing of myself;" and when I feel this the most I am the most successful.

However others may give their examinations, I am fully persuaded that I am governed in mine by some intelligence both beyond myself and the one I examine.

E. W. S.

PROFITS OF GRAPES.—The culture of green-house grapes, within twenty miles of Boston, is quite extensive, and the amount of money invested in houses for their growth must be reckoned by hundreds of thousands of dollars. There are several growers who have annual crops of from one to five tons, commanding a price of from \$1 to \$3 the pound, varying with the season in which the crop is ripened. In the neighborhood of Cincinnati there are more than two thousand acres in grapes. The profits per year, average, taking one year with another, about \$500 per acre. The cost of planting ranges \$100 to \$300 per acre. The expense, with ordinary land, need not exceed \$150 per acre.



"Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind."

S. B. BRITTAN, EDITOR.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 20, 1856.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

[CHICAGO, ILL., December 1, 1856.]

READERS OF THE TELEGRAPH:

At length I find myself in the lion city of the great West, and the delicious excitement of the gold worshipers and the chaotic mingling of all material interests and earthly pursuits. This place is certainly a miracle of its kind. No other city ever sprang from nothing into such stately proportions and Herculean strength, in so short a time. The unvarnished account of its rise, progress, present condition, and future prospects would have appeared to our fathers like an oriental legend; and to those who have only witnessed the slow development of the century-nursed cities of the East, it may appear fabulous, even now. Where only some fifteen years ago there were a few scattered buildings of an inferior class to diversify the scene, and the low prairie seemed scarcely elevated above the surface of the adjacent Lake, now a magnificent city, containing more than one hundred thousand inhabitants, is spread out around me, with splendid hotels and immense commercial warehouses which are only equaled in size and architectural embellishments by the noblest structures on the principal avenues in New York.

The living Spirit of the Mechanic Arts is here, clothing itself with new forms that start into visible existence almost in a day, and startling the world with new revelations of hidden beauty and measureless power. Not ten years since, the visitor might have seen—along Lake-street and other principal avenues—boards set up to admonish the careless traveler that in the particular localities thus marked, "no bottom" had been discovered; yet from these low marshy grounds—where a trench dug to the depth of twelve inches would immediately be filled with water—vast piles of stone and iron, wrought into the grandest and most enduring forms of modern architecture, now rise on every hand, and with such astonishing rapidity that one can hardly believe they are substantial things. The waters now find subterranean channels beneath the broad avenues; the distant hills are laid low, and the elements that composed them are spread over the surface of the great city, so that the very ground on which it stands seems to be gradually rising out of the sea. Thus it appears before us in its young pride, like a stately Colossus, with the nether extremities on both sides of the Chicago river; the brow, which is turned toward the great Lake, is wreathed with storm-clouds, while far back over the land falls the shadow of the brawny form.

But Chicago presents many of the irregularities and crudities incidental to sudden revolutions and a rapid development. Viewed in one aspect, it reminds us of an overgrown boy with an immense vital apparatus, large body and long limbs, an exuberance of feeling which prompts an instinctive resistance of all restraint, and with an acquisitiveness which impels him to lay his hands on everything. The vigorous youth has frequently more faith in his muscles than he has respect for age or wisdom. He loves to talk of his *dimensions*, and of his ability to grapple with all the old men in the neighborhood. Chicago illustrates this spirit by example. Since I came here I have learned that there are three other places of some importance in the country, viz., New York, Boston and Philadelphia. It is suspected that the first-named place may be obstinate enough to dispute the question of supremacy with Chicago for the next fifty years. The other places, it is confidently expected, will retire from the contest at an earlier day. A city thus peopled by master spirits of public enterprise and the devotees of fortune, from different parts of the world—all so deeply absorbed and intensely active in the various pursuits of business as to make the whole town resemble a boiling sea—must necessarily exhibit many contrarieties which might be deemed unpleasant or offensive to people of a rigid discipline and fastidious taste. The rapid increase of the population does not admit of a complete assimilation. The intellectual, moral and religious elements have yet to find their equilibrium, and the

character of the place to be fashioned. That everything will be on a grand scale, and that Chicago is destined, ere long, to be a great center, not only of commercial enterprise but of creative art and religious progress, no one can doubt who has witnessed the bold beginning it has made, and rightly interpreted the signs of promise in which we trace at once the history and the prophecy of its unrivaled prosperity. True, Chicago presents a ragged and dirty exterior at present; but it is not exactly fair to criticise the personal appearance or the manners of a youth while he is growing rapidly. He must first have time to develop his physical powers and to stretch himself into the neighborhood of his ultimate dimensions, before we can reasonably expect him to be either well dressed or to exhibit the refinements of deliberate culture and mature reflection. If Chicago is but true to the intellectual, moral and spiritual interests of her citizens, and to the demands of the age, her future may even transcend the ideal triumphs of the most daring imagination.

Spiritual ideas have not advanced in Chicago in proportion to the rapid development of the place in all the elements and achievements of physical power and temporal prosperity. Indeed, we have no rational grounds for the expectation that its spiritual advancement, at least for some time to come, will be at all commensurate with the increase of population and the extension of its mechanical and commercial interests. This is agreeable to the divine, natural order of development, as indicated by an ancient spiritual philosopher: "First, that which is natural [physical], and afterward that which is spiritual." But I am constrained to believe that the eccentric and chimerical character of much that has hitherto passed for genuine Spiritualism, has served to discourage and repel many honest and truth-loving people, and led them to disregard even the legitimate claims of this most important subject. It is true that a clearer perception and a more deliberate judgment would have enabled all persons of this class to distinguish between the eternal principles of the spiritual and natural worlds—illustrated by infinitely diversified phenomena—and the idle vagaries of undisciplined and disordered minds whose half-developed faculties of intellectual perception and interior sight only enable them to discern obscure and distorted images of spiritual realities. It is recorded of the man whose natural sight was restored, that in the first moment of returning and imperfect vision, he saw "men as trees walking;" and it is reasonable to infer that many who are but just beginning to feel the inward quickening which is to "open the blind eyes" to the vast realm of invisible and divine things, may at first receive only dim and uncertain impressions from the veiled yet glorious forms that move before the soul amid the early twilight shadows of its conscious immortal life.

Among the persons in this city who have, for some time past, professed an intimate acquaintance with the principles of Spiritualism, and an earnest desire for its future progress and final triumph, I am constrained to make particular reference to Mr. Seth Paine, who—in the exercise of his constitutional privilege—has assumed the highly responsible position of a public teacher, and is now editing and publishing a paper, under the name and title of "*Seth Paine's Chicago Banker*." I desire to record my settled conviction that Mr. Paine is actuated by an honest desire to advance the truth and to promote the best interests of Humanity; at the same time the present writer is equally well assured that the course he is pleased to adopt is in no way adapted to secure these desirable ends. A rational Spiritualism is not very likely to be promoted by such journals as the *Banker*. Its editor manifestly has no clear or comprehensive views of its philosophy, and his crude attempts to explain and defend it are (in the judgment of the present writer) far more subversive of its true interests than the most virulent assaults of its enemies. In the columns of the *Banker* we find Spiritualism mixed up with the personal affairs of the editor—in which the public are not especially concerned; with the slang language and opinions of party politicians; with vituperative attacks, committed against persons of wealth, intelligence, and apparent respectability; with the thunder and dust of an unreasoning and noisy crusade against the iniquity of "high rents" and the accumulation of large fortunes; with blunderbuss explosions against the institution of marriage—mingled with appeals to the public sense of justice for protection against the numerous persecutions (provoked in part, and partly imaginary) long suffered by one who seemingly covets nothing from the world unless it be a crown of martyrdom. All these, and sundry other things, are tumbled together into the editorial hopper, and they come out of the mill without being bolted,

though the sensible reader may be inclined to do the bolting himself after an examination of the first grist. I know of no one, amongst those whose spiritual constitutions are in a normal state, who would be able to digest and assimilate such a heterogeneous compound. If we may abruptly change the figure, Spiritualism, as clothed from Mr. Paine's wardrobe, is neither fit to appear in the halls of Science nor the temples of Religion. It rather looks as if it were *dressed for a masquerade*. And without cherishing one feeling of unkindness toward the editor of the *Banker*, the writer must be allowed to offer the suggestion that Mr. Paine—in his public capacity—would perhaps render the most efficient service to Spiritualism by not trying to serve it at all.

I have several facts in Spiritualism to relate, but must reserve all except the following examples until a more convenient season, when I have time to get my scattered notes together and to put them in proper form. Mr. S. C. Moses, of Chicago, formerly of Pittsfield, Mass., in the course of a private interview with the writer, related several instances of spiritual agency which had occurred under his own observation, and through the mediumship of Marcus L. Marble, of South Adams, Mass., two examples of which I will record in this place.

In the autumn of 1854, when Mr. and Mrs. Moses, together with several other friends, were assembled at the house of Mr. John Brown, Mr. Marble was entranced and proceeded to describe a man who kept a store in that village. The delineation was minute, both with respect to the person and dress of the individual. The medium declared that the man he had described contemplated firing a building, which was also described in general terms. Within four weeks of that time a dwelling was consumed, and on the same night a store in the village was set on fire; but the flames were extinguished before extensive damage was done to the latter. Suspicion rested on Mr. Bigelow, the proprietor of the store, whose person and dress had been most accurately described by the medium. Bigelow was tried and convicted, and is now in the State prison.

On Saturday night, whilst Mr. Marble was yet awake, he was suddenly influenced by a Spirit, and had a vision in which the mangled form of a man was presented. He saw the form, face and position of the body, most vividly, and on Sunday morning related what he had seen, with singular minuteness, comprehending in his delineation the features, complexion, color of the hair and style of wearing the beard. On the following Wednesday, Obadiah Carver, of Pittsfield, Mass., was instantly killed while walking on the railroad, at a distance of about one mile from the village. The body was brought to Pittsfield by the same train, and Mr. Moses hearing of the occurrence, called on Mr. Marble and asked him to accompany him to the dépôt. On the way, Marble suddenly felt the influence of the Spirit that had visited him on the preceding Saturday night. As the subtle presence diffused its influence over his body and through the avenues of sensation, the medium remarked most positively, that the man they were going to see was the one he had previously seen in his vision. All this was strictly verified by an examination of the body, the features, complexion, color of the hair and peculiar cut of beard, all corresponding to the medium's description.

It is especially worthy of remark that Mr. Marble was an Infidel, in the common acceptance of the term, not believing either in the future life or a revealed religion; but his recent experience has unsettled the foundations of his former skepticism, and established in his mind—on the immovable basis of demonstrated facts and a rational philosophy—the sublime conviction that the soul is indestructible, and that all its inconceivable powers of thought and fathomless depths of feeling are preserved and unfolded in the immortal life.

My course of four lectures, delivered in this city in the early part of last week, attracted a somewhat numerous and highly intellectual class of citizens. On Sunday, especially in the evening, the place occupied by the Spiritualists was crowded to its utmost capacity, and the subsequent lectures in South Market Hall also drew together large and appreciative audiences. The invitation to lecture in Chicago was extended to the writer by the well-known and enterprising firm of Higgins Brothers, dealers in music and musical instruments. These gentlemen are worthy to rank among the first live men in this living city, more especially as they are made alive by the new infusion of the spiritual element. May the sun of their prosperity and the light of their example shine through the opening portals of many years, and the life on earth be rendered supremely glorious by an unwavering devotion to human and divine uses!

Mr. Edward Hamelton and his lady, formerly of Bridgeport, Conn.; A. J. Higgins—of the above mentioned firm—and his youthful companion, and Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Moses, have placed the writer under obligations for their kind offices; while at the pleasant residence of H. M. Higgins, Esq., I have been most cordially entertained. Mr. H. has not heretofore professed to be a Spiritualist, and the manly frankness and generous hospitality which he has been pleased to extend to a stranger and a reputed heretic, have excited my admiration and secured my lasting esteem. From the sunny sphere of his domestic scenes and relations a light has diffused itself over and around the mind and heart of the wanderer when he was far from the fondly cherished objects and the sacred joys of Home. The kindness of my noble friend and his truly amiable and intelligent lady will live among the golden memories of the passing year. S. B. B.

SCIENCE vs. SPIRITUALISM.

THE above is the title of a work, in two neatly bound volumes, of nearly five hundred pages each, just published, being a translation of the remarkable production of Count Agenor de Gasparin, embracing minute statements of several experiments he has instituted to test the origin of the so called spiritual manifestations. The following table of contents, with the number of pages appropriated to each division of the subject, together with the introduction, will indicate the character of the work, and must suffice for the present issue. Price, for the two volumes, \$2 50. For sale by Partridge & Brittan, office of this paper.

CONTENTS OF VOL. I. *Part First*.—Introduction, 4 pp.; Preface, 16 pp.; The Question, 14 pp.; The Facts, 61 pp.; The Objections, 75 pp.; Appendix, 22 pp. *Part Second*.—The Supernatural in general; The Question, 16 pp.; The Course to Pursue, 11 pp.; Value of Proof, and especially of Testimony, 11 pp.; Particular Grounds of Suspicion, 18 pp.; What saith the Scripture, 103 pp.; Natural Experiments of the Pretended Supernatural, 65 pp.

VOL. II.—Supernatural Apocrypha—False Miracles, 86 pp.; Spirious Sorcery, 114 pp.; Animal Magnetism, 68 pp.; Spirits, 137 pp.; Conclusion, 45 pp. The following is the Introduction to this work:

Count Agenor de Gasparin, the author of the following work, is one of the most distinguished French Protestants of our times. His family is of Italian origin, as the name sufficiently indicates, and came, if we have been rightly informed, into France from the Island of Corsica more than a century ago. His father was a member of the Chamber of Peers in the reign of Louis Philippe, and for some years was Prefect of the Department of the Rhone. At one period he held the post of Minister of the Interior. He was also a member of one of the five "Academies" which constitute the "Institute of France," and reckoned to be a man of highly respectable talents, and of extensive and solid attainments. Both father and son were warm supporters of the throne of Louis Philippe, and cherished for that monarch a very strong personal regard, which partook, we may say, of the nature of sincere friendship.

Count Gasparin spent the earlier part of his life at Paris, where he received an education corresponding with the distinguished rank of his family. He is a scholar, in the highest and best sense of the word—his acquirements being at once various and profound. He is the author of several interesting and important works, of which we may mention his *Interets Generaux du Protestantisme Francais*, in one volume 8vo., and *Christianisme et Paganisme*, in 2 vols 8vo., as possessing far more than ordinary value for intelligent Christian readers of all countries.

To great advantages of personal appearance, Count Gasparin unites the grace of most refined and elegant manners. Few men, in any country, have associated more constantly or more intimately with elevated and cultivated society, than he has done from early childhood. And it has been justly remarked of him, that "he unites the accomplishments of the courtier with the sincerity and benevolence of the Christian."

By inheritance, Count Gasparin possessed a handsome patrimonial property; and his resources have been greatly augmented by marriage with a Swiss lady of ample fortune, of the Canton de Vaud, in which country he has spent much of his time for the last ten or fifteen years.

Removed thus from the necessity of pursuing professional studies as a means of livelihood, he has devoted his time chiefly to writing works of a religious and philanthropic nature. His publications, counting pamphlets as well as books, are already numerous, although he can not be much more, if at all, than forty-five or forty-eight years old. Besides these, he has written much for the journals, religious and secular.

Nor has the pen of Madame Gasparin been much less prolific than that of her husband. One of her earliest and largest works has had a wide circulation in France, and the French-speaking portions of the countries circumjacent. It is entitled, *Marriage from a Christian point of view*. She has recently written much and strongly against the *Institutions of Protestant Deaconesses*, which have begun to spring up in France and Germany.

Count Gasparin is an earnest and zealous Protestant Christian, of what is called in France the "Evangelical School," in contradistinction to that which is termed "Latitudinarian." It is rare to see in

any country a man in so elevated a position who is so humble and spiritually-minded a follower of the Lamb. No man living, probably, has stood up more courageously than he in behalf of the Gospel, and the religion which it teaches, in circumstances of the most trying nature. He has borne the "shame" which, in the estimation of too many of the great and fashionable people of this world, attaches to the "Cross," and he has borne it well. He was the founder, in the year 1842, of a Society for the promotion of the Protestant interests—a Society which has done much for the protection of the religious and civil rights of the Protestants of France, as well as to advance their interests in many other ways. He also took a very prominent part, a few years later, in the formation of the "Free Protestant Church of France," a church which renounces all connection with, and dependence on, the State and its patronage.

In the year 1842, Count Gasparin became a member of the Chamber of Deputies, having been elected to that branch of the French Legislature by the inhabitants of the Island of Corsica, a part of the kingdom in which there was, probably, less Protestantism than in any other. This was owing in part to the influence of his father, who had made many friends in that island when he was Minister of the Interior, and in part to the influence of Louis Philippe, to whom the Count was Master of Requests, a post of honor which gave him great advantages for familiar access to his Majesty.

During the few years he was a member of the Chamber of Deputies, Count Gasparin delivered several speeches which reflected the highest honor on his talents as a logician and an orator, as well as on his courage as a man in fearlessly avowing and defending the true principles of Christianity. In particular, his efforts in behalf of Religious Liberty, both in the Senate and in the Courts of Law, were eminently able and effective—though far from being acceptable to the government, which was then rapidly succumbing to the influence of the Jesuits. In consequence of this he failed to be reelected to the Chamber of Deputies, and retired to the walks of private life.

Availing himself of the leisure which this state of things allowed him, and accompanied by Madame Gasparin, he made a long tour in the East, an interesting account of which the literary public of France has been in possession of for some years. It was whilst prosecuting his journey that he heard of the Revolution of 1848, and the downfall of his friend Louis Philippe. Without loss of time, he addressed the exiled Monarch a long and faithful letter, filled with sentiments eminently Christian and instructive.

Upon his return from his travels in the Holy Land and the adjacent countries, Count Gasparin took up his residence at the village of Val-leyres, in the Canton de Vaud (Switzerland), where he has mainly, if not uninterruptedly, resided, in the midst of the friends and relatives of his wife, having no desire to live under the dynasty by which his native land is at present ruled.

It was there that, in the years 1853-54, his attention was called to the subject of the "Turning Tables," which was then exciting much interest in France and Switzerland. Believing that great evils were likely to result from the delusions to which the abuse of this phenomenon seemed to give rise, he applied himself conscientiously to the study of its causes. With the aid of personal friends in whom he could implicitly confide, he devoted several months to the investigation of the subject. He was stimulated to undertake the task, by seeing that the "Academies," or branches of the Institute of France, whose province it is (or is supposed to be) to examine into all subjects which have any connection with Science, had refused to do so—contenting themselves with pronouncing dogmatically on the question, rather than collecting carefully the facts appertaining to it, and making the deductions which a sound philosophy demanded.

In the work, to which these few paragraphs respecting its author will serve as an introduction, the reader will find a very full account of the experiments which Count Gasparin and his friends made with so much care, and on so many occasions, and the conclusions to which he came. He will find also the Count's speculations on other, and, in a certain sense, kindred subjects; such as the Supernatural in general, the Agency of Spirits, False Miracles, Animal Magnetism, Spirit-Rappings, etc. These topics are treated at length, with the vivacity which characterizes the French mind, and in the style in which it expresses its conceptions; and, so far as we are able to judge, with no ordinary ability. The translation—although by no means an easy task—has been well executed, and reflects great credit on the translator.

In conclusion, we can, from many years' acquaintance with the author, assure the readers of this work, that it is the production of a mind not likely to be satisfied with insufficient data, or misled by illogical deductions, and incapable of attempting to impose on others.

We have never seen the subject to which it relates treated with more patience of inquiry, or fairness of analysis and conclusion. It is the honest result of investigation prompted by an earnest desire to know the truth.

R. B.

New Spiritualist Papers.

"SPIRITUAL CLARION."—We have received the first four numbers of a new weekly spiritual paper bearing the above title. It is a royal octavo sheet of eight pages, edited and published by Mr. and Mrs. Uriah Clark, Auburn, N. Y., at \$1 a year in advance for single copy.

"THE PRINCIPLE."—We had heard of a new monthly publication with this title, having just been started in this city, but, from some oversight, we presume, we were not furnished with a copy until just as our present issue was going to press. It is published by J. B. Conklin, the medium, at 477 Broadway, at the low price of fifty cents a year. We suppose it is designed to take the place of the PUBLIC CIRCLE, and will record test facts and communications that are given through Mr. Conklin as medium.

"IS IT HUMBUG?"

UNDER the head of the above interrogatory, Mr. D. T. Averill, of Northfield, Vt., writes us expressing some serious doubts and perplexities concerning the reality of spiritual intercourse, into which his mind has of late been thrown by a circumstance which he states, in his own language, as follows:

A cousin of mine, resident in an adjoining town, had been wasting away with an internal disorder through the summer and fall until the hopes of his friends and the skill of his physicians had become exhausted—but all in vain. It became painfully evident that his days on earth were few. As a last resort, I addressed a letter to * * * who advertises himself as a wonderful healing medium, inclosing the requisite fee, together with the name, age and residence of the applicant. This letter bore date November 4th; was put in the Post-office on the 5th, so that it could not have arrived at its destination before the 7th. On the 6th, at noon, he died. Now here was a chance for a test. But judge of my disappointment to receive an answer to my letter, dated November 10th, stating that my cousin's case was curable! It contained the diagnosis of the disease, which was far from being correct. Who could wonder when the Spirit's home had been, for some days, a mass of inanimate clay?

In hopes this case will be explained so as not to bear against the truth of Spiritualism, nor the honesty and good faith of individuals,
I remain yours,
D. T. AVERILL.

As cases analogous to the above have, in a few instances occurred before, and are liable to occur again, we give publicity to our correspondent's statement, and submit the following remarks as not only applicable to the difficulties presented in this instance, but, in a general way, to all similar ones.

In any view of the subject, we think our correspondent should not allow the case which he states, to abate anything from that faith in spiritual intercourse which may be based upon the innumerable, irrefragable and unexceptionable facts which are of constant occurrence, as demonstrating that truth. At the worst view that can be taken of the subject, the medium, (real or pretended) to whom he refers, was simply dishonest, and for the purpose of pocketing a fee, professed to exercise powers which he knew he did not possess; but even in that case, the medium only should stand disproved, and not *Spiritualism*. But we see no necessity of imputing dishonesty to the medium, and hence, that he might not stand before the public in any unnecessarily suspicious light, we have left his name out of the above extract. He may from some unknown disturbing influence, have been honestly deceived in his impression, whilst at the same time sincerely laboring to perform the duties of his profession.

But his failure may be accounted for on still another hypothesis, which will leave his medium powers intact. Clairvoyants and mediums, we believe, generally, if not universally, profess to obtain their knowledge of the diseased conditions of the human body not so much from direct perceptions of the condition of the body itself, as from their perceptions of the state of the spirit as acted upon by the body, and affected in correspondence with its diseases. Now many incidental facts of spiritual manifestation might be cited to prove that for some time after the emergence of the spirit from the body, it still retains to itself the general sphere of its previous bodily conditions. If we suppose, then, that the medium referred to, came into rapport with the general spiritual sphere of our correspondent's deceased friend, (which he may, indeed, have done without a so recently disembodied spirit knowing the fact, and without his perceiving the spirit's disconnection from the earthly form) his diagnosis must have been based upon the impressions received from that sphere, in which there were in all likelihood still some of the elements of the previously diseased bodily conditions, with those changes effected by the separation, which might have given rise to the difference between the description and the actual state of the body previous to its death.

Still, the professed medium, in this instance, may, as before intimated, have been dishonest without at all affecting the credibility of Spiritualism; but we would rather take a more charitable view of the case, if possible.

F.

Dinsmore's Guide.

We have received a copy of the above Guide, and upon examination it appears to contain all the information necessary to travel throughout the United States and Canada, either by railroad, steamboat, or stage. The map is very full and perfect, containing the names of the principal towns, rivers, etc. Price, twenty-five cents. Dinsmore & Co., publishers, No. 9 Spruce-street, New York.

The beautiful little article entitled "The Angel's Home," published on our third page last week, should have been credited to the *New Church Herald and Monthly Repository*.

The article entitled, "Confessions of Spirits," commencing on the first page of our present issue, will be read with interest. The part dictated by a Spirit manifests unusual power.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATIONS.

TO CHARLES PARTRIDGE, AT HIS HOUSE, 26 WEST 15TH-ST., NOV. 29, 1856.
(Through Mr. G. A. Redman, Medium, Office 291 Canal-street.)

CHAPTER II.—CONTINUED.

Charles Partridge and Mr. Redman only being present, the record of the previous conference was read, amended and approved, and the Spirit wrote as follows:

The formation of the spiritual body—its adaptation to the Spirit—its contrast with mundane forms.

As I before remarked, each stratum of atmosphere through which my Spirit passed, seemed to add to its vitality, identity and power; and as the age of the infant strengthens its Spirit, so the age of the Spirit strengthens its form.

We find it extremely difficult to describe, or give to mortality, an adequate conception of the form in which the Spirit exists. We know that every existing thing, be it material or spiritual, has its own developed form. It is impossible for any virtue to exist without a corresponding sphere or limit.

There is a spirit in every existing thing: mineral, animal, vegetable or spiritual. It is not necessary for that spirit to be possessed of intellect; it is sufficient to term it a living principle—a germ, a scion, ingrafted by God. Knowing therefore, that the spirit can not exist without form, you should also comprehend to some extent the nature of that form. It must differ materially from the mortal habitation or physical structure in which, and for which, the Spirit strove long years for the fulfillment of duties.

First. To give you an idea of our bodies, it will be necessary to state what spirit is. Immortal spirit is sight, intellect, thought and motive power. It is by the will that every act is performed. You will know that the Spirit, being motive power of itself, requires no physical application to impede its progress. Man needs a physical structure corresponding with physical duties; his duties being earthly, his organization must correspond thereto. On the contrary, the spirit being spiritual, its duty spiritual, its organization must also be in correspondence.

Second. *The food of the Spirit.*—Does thy soul need be fed on apples to sustain it? Does it need to sit at some epicurean table and sup upon rich viands to become unfolded and display its progress? Does it need outward means, vegetable or mineral, to sustain its vitality? No; it is the mortal form which covets all the luxuries of the mouth. The Spirit would rather feed on some lofty idea, some sublime lesson in Nature, some beauty either of heaven or earth, some God-given blessing in the form of sweet impression. Such are the spirit's richest viands; such can the hungry spirit feast upon with pleasure, and become strong. Impressions are not the whole requirement of the spirit for growth; it is the development and purifying of those impressions that feed the soul. How unlike is this to the strange fantasies of men who imagine themselves unblest unless the material wants of the body are supplied; regardless of the spiritual desires of the soul.

Third. *The Sight of Spirit.*—Are mortal eyes to be employed for the perception of the sublimity of the courts of heaven? Does it require those fine nerves of the mortal form to enjoy the sweets of the upper life? No! The spirit is perception of itself; it is sight of such clearness, too, that even the thoughts of man can not escape its penetration.

If neither of these organs is requisite for the Spirit, how much more are the rest which are seemingly less important? Knowing, as you must by this, that the contrast between the earthly and the spiritual body is great, the desire must be increased to understand the nature of our form. We can only reply, such an understanding is inconceivable to man, and unexplainable by Spirits. Not until the earth-life is passed, can man understand the true formation of his second body, or the tenement of his intelligence. By a psychological impression made upon the minds of the media, we can present ourselves to them as when mortal—so acute that they may describe us when with you. It is by an effort of the will that this is accomplished. Were they to see our real form, they could not recognize us, and would be wholly at a loss to understand the cause thereof. You speak to us—ask if we are sitting near—we respond, Yes. That being your highest idea of our position, we assent to it. You ask us if we walk with you? We respond affirmatively—walking being the most common means of locomotion for man. Such questions are naturally asked; and we, suiting our action to mortal mind, respond to his idea. It is by this that you often mistake, and suppose us formed, as you are, with the same means of locomotion and life.

Faithfully reported by the humble servant of Spirits and morals,
CHARLES PARTRIDGE.

Original Communications.

SPIRIT COMMUNICATION—CALL FOR MEDIUMS.

PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

CLAY, N. Y., November 16, 1856.

Gentlemen—The following communication was received October 19, 1856, through the mediumship of Mrs. M. W.—, from the Spirit of our old friend and co-laborer in the cause of Spiritualism, William B. Wandell. A notice of his *new birth* was published in the TELEGRAPH of the 1st instant. If you consider any part of it, or the whole, worth an insertion in the TELEGRAPH, you are at liberty to publish it. The medium, after entering the trance state, arose and went to Mrs. Wandell, and partially encircled her in her arms. The Spirit said:

"Jane, weep not for me; I am happy. You have false trouble. (Here the Spirit had reference to the time of its exit. Mrs. Wandell thought there had not been sufficient effort made to restore life—hence her extreme grief.) Though my Spirit was not released until 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon, no power could have brought me back. As Spirits do not reckon time, you may be astonished that I should know when my Spirit left the form. But there was a clock in the house, and I looked at it as I passed out. My Spirit then saw the beauties of this home. As the angels escorted me they sang:

"O come with us to our Spirit home,
Where all is bright and pure and fair;
There grief and sorrow can not come—
Angels wait to meet you there!"

There were voices and instruments you know not of. You know I have told you death had no terror. I did not suffer in passing from this world to the other. My Spirit was conscious, and knew the anxiety of the friends. I knew when you tried to restore me. I had no pain. It was but two or three breaths. Could see as the medium now sees. You should not wish me back. It is impossible for any person in the form to imagine the beauties of the Spirit-world! I love you all. A part of my time is spent in visiting my friends. We have schools, and I am a scholar. I have three teachers: Stephen Rice, John Goff and Sarah M. Waters. Sarah is the better teacher. We have three studies: the first is *harmony*, the second is *purity*, and the third is *love*, which is the best of all. Our teachers prepare us for the spheres. At first we progress as we did in the form. As one Spirit leaves a sphere, another is prepared to enter that sphere. The spheres are never broken. Everything is done in order. As planets fill space in order around the sun, so we fill space around God, the great center. The spheres are not one above another, but are placed here and there in order, around the great center. The different spheres are not together. We would not enjoy ourselves if they were; for we are undeveloped, and could not enjoy the society of the good. Our teachers take us on a pleasure excursion occasionally. We like to come to earth and converse with our friends, and help to develop them. This is a pleasant labor. You have innocent pleasures; enjoy them. You can not enjoy anything wrong on earth. You may think you do, but you do not."

There was much more of the communication, but it was of a private nature, addressed to the members of the family; hence it would not be of sufficient interest to be presented to the public. Tears of joy were shed on this occasion, that rendered the scene interesting beyond description. What consolation and satisfaction to the Spiritualist to know that their departed friends have not "gone to that bourne whence no traveler returns!" When I contemplate the beauties of the Spirits' home, my spirit can hardly content itself to remain in the form. If Spiritualism had not done anything more than to destroy the fear of death, it has accomplished a great good, worthy of the consideration of all earth's children. But thank our Spirit friends that they do not teach us anything immoral or wicked—at least I have never known them to in all my experience. On the other hand, they teach us to be upright and honest with our fellow-men, and to worship God in spirit and in truth. They teach also that we are one *brotherhood*, and that progression is a germ planted within the interior of every soul, which will continue to unfold through unceasing ages of eternity.

The demand for well-developed mediums throughout the land is great. Would that this demand could be supplied! The people are hungering and thirsting after spiritual food. Our public lecturers and mediums pass through our cities on our great thoroughfares, and leave us country people to glean what we can of their doings from the press. Why not turn aside occasionally and enter some of our flourishing little villages, and give us a "feast of fat things?" I think if Redman or Conklin would pass through the country and make such stops as things would favorably indicate, they would do a vast amount of good. Let them give notice in the TELEGRAPH, and other spiritual papers, a week or more in advance, that they would be in certain places at such and such times. Then the friends could have everything arranged for their comfort and convenience, together with a general notice which would give us all an opportunity to invite our skeptical friends to witness these things. I know of some old farmers in

this vicinity who would be glad to entertain some such medium for a week or ten days, besides seeing them well paid for their time.

Thine for progress,

ORRIS BARNES.

SPIRITUALISM IN CARACAS.

UNDER the auspices of my angel sister Susan, Spiritualism has been established in Caracas, and has progressed beyond all precedent. Organizations have been formed in the spheres, and other facilities of communication with the children of Earth. At the meeting of the Central Circle, October 16th, the following communication was made through the medium:

"Philippa Outlaw has risen from the sixth to the seventh sphere, and General Püñango from the fourth to the fifth sphere. The medium is now under the spiritual influence of Richard Blasco, who has risen in twenty-four hours from the first to the second sphere, by the grace of God and the advice and assistance of this circle. He pleads and asks forgiveness of his sins, of all whom he has wronged on earth. O! brothers, why do you not sympathize with my unfortunate case? Heed not what they say; plead for me; O! if you knew what misery I am still in. O! Eliza, in your own mind you were visited by the Spirit of your departed husband. O! Catholics, O! Catholics, why do you not leave off your superstition? There is but one God, one Christ. Then, beloved wife of my bosom, come forward and assist thy unfortunate husband who loves thee still. I have but little power to operate; be patient—I am weak, feeble and weeping. O! *disgraciado Ricardo*, unfortunate man I am still. There is a God in heaven who shall show thee I was bad—a God that don't require the downfall of his children. O! but then our beloved child whom you gave birth to—it prays for its father in the spheres. By that child and this Spirit circle, I am now more anxious than ever to rise to the angels of glory, the light of immortality and everlasting life. O! my brothers, pray for me; plead, plead for me. Ask the supreme and everlasting God, the Archangel of Jehovah, to intercede for me. All are to be saved. O! wife of my bosom, may every departed Spirit press on her mind the great truths unfolded by Spiritualism. Her mind is warped. Look, O look to the Supreme Being; to Him alone, bend thy knee; ask forgiveness, the light of glory, the light of immortality. Have patience with the weary sinner whose burden has been to thee. O! what gifts of glory to them of the Spirit-belief. O! brothers, friends of the Celestial Circle, if you knew the prayers offered for our sphere, you would sit day by day, and you would say, God be merciful to the prodigal son! The blessings of your world are nothing to those of the spheres. By me the displeasure of God must be borne; I am a wanderer to the mountain-top, and ride over the valleys below. May I be bathed in the waters of Jordan, and be wafted in the air of the spheres where the heads and hearts are turned. God is just; God has made man; why could he deny to save his Spirit children in immortal love and harmony."

RICARDO BLASCO.

The foregoing may be interesting to our spiritual friends.
CARACAS, October 25, 1856.

SETH DRIGGS.

SPIRIT PHENOMENA IN NILES, OHIO.

NILES, OHIO, November 9, 1856.

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Having noticed a call for test facts in the TELEGRAPH, I will forward you a few, of which I have witnessed many. October 23d, while my daughter was quite unwell, and my little granddaughter was standing near her mother, a medium present, Lucy Battles, became entranced, and began to speak comfortingly to her mother about things that she knew nothing of. The Spirit spoke some fifteen minutes. To my great astonishment she said she had been to the Spirit-land, and she gave us a minute description of what she saw. I have not language to describe the beauties as she related them to me. What surprises me is, that a Spirit should converse through her physical system whilst her spirit was exploring the Spirit-home!

On the 6th of the present month, another singular circumstance occurred. Some two weeks previous to what I am now about to relate, the medium became influenced by a Spirit purporting to be S. C., and took from the medium's ears her ear-drops and gave them to me for safe keeping, saying that the medium might lose them. Accordingly I took them and put them in my trunk and locked it, and kept the key in my pocket. Last Friday, the 7th, the medium came to me for her ear-drops. Accordingly I unlocked my trunk and searched it through, but they were not to be found. On passing out of the room the medium thrust her hand into my side pocket, and taking out the ear-drops showed them to me! Now let those who say it is mind acting upon mind that produces these phenomena, consider that it was in my mind that the drops were in the trunk!

Lucy Battles is a remarkable medium—sees the Spirits and describes them, even to the color of their hair and eyes. We have almost daily communications. She speaks several, to her, unknown languages. She labors under some disadvantage on account of surrounding conditions.

Yours for Truth and Progress,

E. W. LINSING.

A CONVERSION TO SPIRITUALISM.

BROTHERS BRITTAN AND PARTRIDGE:

Having, through the kind agency of Mr. James C. Wingard, been led from the darkness of unbelief into the glorious light and liberty of the spiritual faith, I deem it a duty which I owe alike to him, to truth and to society at large, to make this public statement in relation to the matter. From the time that Spiritualism first began to obtain headway, I took my stand as one of its bitterest opponents. Not only was I a skeptic as to the peculiar doctrines of the new and living faith, but I was so to all faith which is worthy of the name. Immortality and God, and all the mysteries of the hereafter, were to me but as the dreams of fanatics and fools. I believed them not. Like the fallen tree which "rots, perishes and passes," I thought that man, too, passed away at death, and that the grave was indeed his goal. And in this belief I was not alone; it was a family belief in which my wife and sister joined. Whether they had been contaminated by my ideas, or of their own accord had strayed into the barren wilds of doubt and disbelief, I can not say. Suffice it that we all read with avidity such books as Baron D'Holbach's "System of Nature," "Good Sense," etc., and were confirmed atheists. Our wonder now is that a man with such a mind as Baron D'Holbach undoubtedly possessed, could for a moment entertain such ideas. For myself, with but a limited education, it is by no means marvelous that my judgment should be led captive by the ever fallacious reasonings of such a thinker. But to my subject.

The first time that I ever saw Mr. Wingard was in the summer of 1853. My wife was at the time lying at the point of death. Our physician—a man of reputed skill—had abandoned all hope of her recovery. On the morning of the 13th of August, 1853, she was taken with the "black vomit," and on the evening of that day—a fearful day in this city of New Orleans—when standing at my door, I saw Mr. Wingard approach. Mistaking him in the twilight for a friend whom I expected, I asked him to walk in, and he did so. As soon as we advanced to the lighted room, I discovered my mistake, and told him that grief had so blinded me that I had mistaken him for a well-known friend. I knew not then how little my apologies were needed, and that I had found in him a friend indeed. With few preliminaries I told him of my poor wife's condition; for, atheist though I was, I still loved my Mary. Then it was that he breathed into my ear a spiritual hope, and told of the ministering angels which come to us from the realms of the departed, with healing on their wings. Like the drowning man that catches at a straw, I caught at the hope he held out before me, and followed implicitly the advice he gave. That night, and a part of the night following, he sat up with my Mary, and when he called again on the second morning, the last symptoms of "black vomit" had disappeared. From that time she recovered rapidly, and in a week we parted from Mr. Wingard and saw no more of him till the early part of July in the present year. At our next interview my wife was suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. She had wasted away almost to a skeleton, and physicians so disagreed in their diagnosis of her case that I began to lose all confidence in them, especially as they all declared that she could not be cured.

Eventually I began to inquire for Mr. Wingard, and was grieved to find that he had gone to Louisville. My wife was certain that he could effect a cure if he could be found, and to satisfy her I followed him to Louisville, but was again disappointed by learning that on the morning of my arrival he had started for New York. This information, however, proved to be unfounded, for in a few days I learned that he had returned to New Orleans.

Having on our first acquaintance heard a great deal from Mr. Wingard about Spiritualism, and being informed that a healing medium had made his appearance at St. Louis, I made up my mind to see him. Accordingly I visited St. Louis, and got Mr. — to make a spiritual examination of my wife's condition. After doing so he informed me that she was incurable. This information of itself would have killed nine women out of ten who were in my wife's condition, but she still clung to hope—to the hope that Mr. Wingard could cure her.

By the time that we arrived at New Orleans my wife was in a deplorable condition; and at the time that an interview with Mr. Wingard was obtained, I did not think that she could possibly live two days longer. When he called, she was utterly unconscious. He took hold of her hands, and almost immediately a trance-like change came over him. In his countenance a peculiar transformation took place, and from his hands an electric or spiritual and healing influence passed to her, though she still remained unconscious. After he left she was soon restored to consciousness, when she informed us that she had had a vision of Mr. Wingard standing by her bedside, and holding her hand; and when told that the vision was a reality, she seemed surprised and pleased. Mr. Wingard again called the next day, and the next. At the third interview he was deeply entranced, and the mysterious unfoldings of spiritual power which were then revealed, convinced me of the immortality of the soul, and of the real existence of a SUPREME BEING—the All-Powerful and the All-Good! I could no longer doubt that men in this life can hold intimate and intelligible communion with departed relatives and friends—ministering Spirits from "the better land." I questioned Mr. Wingard in his capacity of medium, of many things known only to myself and God. Among other things he informed me of the particulars of a business transaction at Mobile; what we had seen in our recent trip, and indeed all the more notable events in my life's history—thus reading my soul as "an open book" by the mysterious agency of Spirit mediumship! And is it to be wondered that he fixed my faith on what has heretofore been an unreal—an "undiscovered country"? Beside, he informed my sister of many things which were significant to her alone, and mildly, yet strongly, rebuked both of us for our unbelief, in language the most touchingly beautiful

that we ever listened to. He described accurately my father, mother, grandmother, two sisters, and the Spirits of other deceased relatives, some of whom had been removed to the land of "romantic shadows" full thirty years ago. In fact I could fill pages with his wonderful revelations of things none knew but myself, and many of which I had even forgotten. As to my wife, he gave what was—as far as I am capable of judging—a clear diagnosis of her disease, and a list of the medicines, which were very gentle in their nature, and which were necessary to effect a cure. This was done while he was in a trance state, in which condition he continued for two hours. When he returned to his normal condition, he knew nothing of what had occurred while the trance was on him.

My wife enjoys better health now than she ever did before. I could relate many things which took place when my wife was subsequently entranced, but to do so would be foreign to my present purpose. I merely wish to render justice to Mr. Wingard to whom I owe more than I ever can repay. Money is no equivalent for the life he saved twice, or which was saved through his mediumship, and for the hopes of immortality which he was the means of reviving. I offered to pay him for his services, but he would take nothing, and it was with great difficulty indeed that I thrust a present into his hands. Would to God there were more like him! I have no words to speak my gratitude for the restoration to health of my dear companion, and for the moral benefits alike obtained through his generous instrumentality. May his pathway through life be strewn with flowers, and brightened by a radiance from the Divine Source of Love and Light!

My gratitude has perhaps made me blind to his faults—for faults all mortals have—and I may have said too much. But I do not think I have. My idea of humanity now, is to take the good which it manifests, and, if possible, avoid its errors. Black indeed must be that cloud which has no "silver lining."

I am fraternally yours,

ROBERT H. MILLER.

NEW ORLEANS, November 25, 1856.

We concur in all of the above with feelings of profoundest love and gratitude to Mr. Wingard.

(Signed)

MARY MILLER.

ELIZABETH JANE MILLER.

FACTS.

THE accumulative evidences of Spirit intercourse do not (as the Rev. Mr. Gordon and others suppose) consist in giving us the age, disease, etc., of our grandmothers, or in answering theological questions; but the persistent investigator is often met with those clear individualities which in the aggregate amount to a demonstration. I say often, and here is precisely the error of most seekers—because they do not see precisely analogous facts in a few sittings, they assume that, no one else has seen them.

Three of us, males, all being more or less mediums, resolved to form a circle among ourselves to see what would come of it. At our first sitting, I commenced to magnetise Mr. Outley who soon came (as I suppose) under my influence. I removed the light to the other side of the room, so that it might not injure his eyes (a precaution that all ought to observe, as the eye becomes very sensitive under the influence). In this condition he reached out, got pencil and paper, and commenced writing, much to my surprise, as he had never written before. His eyes were fast closed, and it was so dark that I could not see what was written. On taking the paper to the light, I found written in a plain large hand-writing, "It will require a half hour to get him where we want him." I thought I had done enough, when it was written, "You may work on him till his breath becomes very short." I again thought that I had him sure, when it was written, "You get him off and we will take him." Here, I said, this Spirit seems to understand magnetism. It was written, "He is not enough; he is my first." T. WEST COBBLY. And again, "Work on his head; if I can get him under my control, I will make him speak." I was becoming interested when he wrote, "Work on the animal; the intellect is far enough." I made some passes over the back brain; he became much agitated, when it was written, "Let the hand rest on the top of the head; his is a peculiar temperament." I remarked that this was the kind of Spirit that I like to meet; that he appeared to have some practical sense about him, when it was written, "I am a man after your own heart; all I want is a medium."

After a few minutes it was written, "I have got his eyes open; that is something gained." This was a good test; I was standing behind him; the other medium was nearly abnormal; I looked and found that his eyes had that peculiar expression common to all somnambulists, but the first knowledge of it came from the Spirit. I continued some little while longer—not an hour in all—when he wrote, "He is the mind I want, but it won't do to take him too fast. You may bring him out and I will try him again." I did so, and found that he had no recollection of anything that occurred, and I have purposely kept him in ignorance since.

Here were repeated evidences of care and instruction; answers written to my thoughts; directions to do differently from my usual custom in magnetizing, repeated over and over again, commencing unexpectedly, and ending abruptly, showing as plainly as could be shown to me the presence of another mind to direct and control. The other medium did not notice what was going on. I could not have written in that light in an intelligible manner with my eyes open, while he was made to do it with his tightly closed. Nor yet am I able to produce on paper the hundreds of little facts that thus appear to the close observer, which make up the sum of knowledge of the future life and our individuality.

A. MILTENBERGER.

St. Louis, December, 1856.

*None of us know who this is, nor do we much care to know.

SPIRITUALISM NOT RESPONSIBLE.

LETTER CONCERNING MR. FAIRBANK.

[ROCHESTER, December 7, 1856.]

MESSRS. PARTRIDGE AND BRITTAN:

Allow me, through the columns of the TELEGRAPH, to make the following statement: I knew Mr. Fairbank for some months previous to his untimely death, and have passed many hours of most agreeable conversation with him, during which I heard him repeatedly observe in substance as follows:

"But for the consolatory influence of spiritual intercourse with my departed Spirit friends, I should have been in Spirit life long ago. I had a severe attack of brain fever many years since, from the effects of which I have never entirely recovered; and when I contract a cold or become very much engrossed in business or study, those terrible states of mind return, and I have found Spiritualism a magical balm to my feelings at such times."

Those were the observations of our departed brother, whose death is attributed to the divine hand of spiritual intercourse. I consider that the Coroner's Jury assumed an unwarrantable liberty, which bordered on a bigoted arrogance, when they asserted that Mr. Fairbank "came to his death from a belief in Spiritualism," while his own words were: "Spiritualism has saved me from self-destruction for years past."

Had all the members of Grace Church risen in their pews on Sabbath last, and plunged daggers to their hearts, the *Tribune* would not have made so much ado as when a believer in Spiritualism commits suicide. I venture to predict that one score of years will not have elapsed before that journal (should it survive that period) will be most heartily ashamed of the boyish, vacillating course it has adopted toward a great self-demonstrative truth. You may buckle all the suicides of the race for the next thousand years to the back of Spiritualism, and it will not even bend, much less break; and you may add five hundred asylums for the insane, filled with mad speculators, mad brandy drinkers, mad politicians, and mad Fourierites into the bargain.

I should not have written thus much on so unattractive a theme, had not simple justice demanded it. But is it not true that the living Christ is always a Beelzebub, in the estimation of certain minds?

Yours truly,

HENRY H. TATOR.

BORN INTO THE SPIRIT WORLD.

At Newark, N. J., on Sunday morning, December 7, AMELIA STARR SWEZY, daughter of William H. and Susan Swezy, experienced a resurrection from the earth-form, aged 22 months. This "bud of promise" has been transplanted to the more congenial clime of her celestial home, where, amid scenes of beauty and harmony, she will unfold the divine capabilities of her soul. Her parents are blessed with a realization that the separation is more apparent than real, and that this gem of their hearts, together with the angel host, are ever present to whisper words of comfort and encouragement, and direct them in "ways of pleasantness, and in paths of peace."

An esteemed friend has contributed the following lines, suggested by the occasion.

THE ANGEL'S VISIT.

A babe once sleeping on its mother's breast,
So pure and bright in its sinless rest,
That an angel passing by that way,
Gazed with love on the beautiful clay:
"A bud so fair should in Heaven bloom,
Come, sweet one! to our Eden-home;
Angel forms shall thy footsteps guide,
Angel hands for thy wants provide."
Softly he pressed a kiss of love
On the baby-brow of the household dove,
Then gently bore in his arms away,
The mother's joy to the realms of day.
The mother wept for the dear one gone;
The father sat in his grief alone;
But lo! from the grave fresh blossoms bloom,
And Hope with a smile views the opening tomb.
They feel she is near, and inly bless,
As she comes in dreams with a soft caress,
With a "good-bye" kiss, or the evening smile,
Which once was the right of their baby-child.
They bless the Power who in kindness gives
The heaven-born hope that their loved one lives;
That she's with them still in her sinless love,
Till they rest with her in the Home above.

AMELIA.

THE BOOMERANG.—This curious weapon, peculiar to the natives of Australia, has often proved a puzzler to men of science. It is a piece of carved wood nearly in the form of a crescent, from thirty to forty inches long, pointed at both ends, and the corner quite sharp. The mode of using it is singular as the weapon. Ask a black to throw it so as to let it fall at his feet, and away it goes full forty yards before him, skimming along the surface at three or four feet from the ground; when it will suddenly rise in the air forty or sixty feet, describing a curve and finally dropping at the feet of the thrower. During its course it revolves with great rapidity on a pivot, with a whizzing noise. It is wonderful so barbarous a people have invented so singular a weapon, which sets laws of progression at defiance. It is very dangerous for a European to try to project it at any object, as it may return and strike himself. In a native's hand it is a formidable weapon, striking without the projector being seen. It was invented to strike the kangaroo, which is killed by it with certainty.

Interesting Miscellany.

THE PROPHET'S TOMB.

MOHAMMED, the Prophet of Allah, lies buried in the city of El Medinah, and all the world of Islam goes up to his tomb. About this tomb there hangs a great deal of mystery. The vulgar story of the suspended coffin, has long been exploded, and the question now seems to be, whether there is any tomb at all? Lieut. Burton who recently made a pilgrimage to the holy cities, in the disguise of an Afghan Dervish, furnishes the most reliable information upon this point. We learn from his Narrative, that although thousands go yearly to El Medinah to see the tomb of the Prophet, yet no one ever saw it!

In one corner of the grand mosque of that city there is a chamber supposed to be entirely walled up with stone or planking, inside of which, the pilgrim is told, are the tombs of Mohammed and the first two caliphs, Abubekr and Omar. But this walled chamber is surrounded, outside, with a curtain, somewhat like a four-post bed. No one is permitted to look behind the curtain, except the eunuchs who at times replace it with a new one, and they say that a supernatural light surrounds the tomb that would strike with blindness any one who should have the temerity to approach it. This story is now universally believed among Moslems.

Outside of the curtain, leaving a narrow space between, is an iron flagstone railing, which serves to keep the crowd from close contact with the tomb. After many prayers and prostrations the pilgrim is made to approach a small window in the railing through which he catches a glimpse of the mysterious curtain. The exact place of Mohammed's tomb is distinguished by a large pearl rosary, and a peculiar ornament suspended to the curtain, which the vulgar believe to be a "jewel of the jewels of Paradise." Lieut. Burton, however, says, to his eyes it resembled the ground stoppers of glass, used for the humbler sort of decanters! Through the window in the railing the pilgrims are expected to throw their contributions, and the treasures of the place are kept in the narrow passage between the railing and the curtain. The amount is said to be enormous, which Lieut. Burton doubts. No one is permitted to enter this passage except upon the payment of an exorbitant sum.

What there really is behind the curtain, seems to be a matter of great doubt. The Moslem authorities are divided in opinion. Some say there is no wall behind the curtain; others that it covers a square building of black stones, in the interior of which is the tomb, while others say there are three deep graves but no traces of tombs; and lastly, Lieut. Burton greatly suspects that the burial-place of the Prophet is entirely unknown! Certainly the eunuch's story of the blinding light that surrounds the Prophet's tomb, looks like a priestly gloss to hide a defect.

Yet all the world of Islam goes up to pray at the Prophet's tomb, and millions believe that he now lies there with blooming face and bright eyes, and that blood would issue from his body if wounded, for no one would dare to assert that the holy one is suffered to undergo corruption.—*Portland Transcript.*

GROWTH OF NEW ZEALAND.—The Paris correspondent of the *Journal of Commerce* shows the extraordinary progress of this colony of Great Britain. He says: "Fifteen years ago the colony of New Zealand was an uncultivated, unexplored group of islands, inhabited by native cannibals. The New Zealand Company undertook it, sent out emigrants, turned to account its abundant agricultural and mineral resources, discovered the superior intelligence and aptitude for civilization of the indigenous race, and with the aid of ind-fatigable missionaries, converted the heathen to Christianity. In a short time the British Government erected New Zealand into a separate colony. The population was then not over five thousand; it has increased to nearly 180,000, of whom 50,000 at least are whites, mostly all emigrants from the mother country. Sir Robert Peel once emphatically called it the Great Britain of the Southern Seas. Its revenue from the customs exceeds £100,000 a year; the exports amount to more than a quarter of a million. It is the see of a bishop of the Established Church. The metropolitan country has granted it a free constitution 'almost equal to universal suffrage.' The next clip of the wool of the Province of Wellington alone will not be less than a million of pounds, and, including the other southern provinces, may be estimated at three millions. Education is extending among the natives by means of industrial schools, in which their children are provided with everything. The missionary establishments are numerous. A Mr. Smith, of Wellington, 'came home after a residence of seventeen months in New Zealand,' and communicated much interesting information. He deems it probable that the population will be doubled every three years. Within two months two thousand persons left Victoria for New Zealand. It would certainly be among the most prosperous and wealthy of the British possessions. It is mentioned in Johnston's *Gazetteer*, that in 1840 a hundred American whaling vessels visited New Zealand."

A TRAVELING PALACE.—The new railway train built by the Orleans Company, for the Emperor, is composed of five carriages. No. 1 forms a dining-room and saloon for the *aide-de-camp*, with kitchen and dressing-room. No. 2 forms a kind of terrace, and is all made of wrought iron, polished, and of beautiful workmanship. No. 3, which is the state carriage, or reception saloon, is surmounted by the imperial crown; it is composed of an ante-chamber, with folding sideboards for refreshments. No. 4 is the bedroom; it has been very ingeniously divided. It comprises a bedroom for the ladies of honor; bedroom for the emperor and empress, with a cradle for the prince imperial, dressing-rooms, etc. No. 5 is a waiting-room for the servants, place for luggage, and also has a cupboard containing every kind of tool that could be required in case of an accident. All these carriages are elegantly decorated.

PRESENTIMENTS.

I HAVE heard of several cases of people hurrying home from a presentiment of fire; and Mr. M. Calderwood was once, when absent from home seized with such an anxiety about his family that, without being able in any way to account for it he felt himself impelled to fly to them and remove them from the house they were inhabiting: one wing of which fell down immediately afterward. No notion of such a misfortune had ever before occurred to him, nor was there any reason whatever to expect it; the accident originating from some defect in the foundation.

A circumstance exactly similar to this is related by Stilling, of Professor Bohm, teacher of Mathematics at Marburg: who being one evening in company, was suddenly seized with a conviction that he ought to go home. As, however, he was very comfortably taking tea, and had nothing to do at home, he resisted the admonition; but it returned with such force that at length he was obliged to yield. On reaching his house he found everything as he had left it; but he now felt himself urged to remove his bed from the corner in which it stood, to another; but as it had always stood there, he resisted this impulsion also. However, the resistance was vain; absurd as it seemed, he felt he must do it; so he summoned the maid, and, with her aid, drew the bed to the other side of the room; after which he felt quite at ease and returned to spend the rest of the evening with his friends. At ten o'clock the party broke up, and he retired home, and went to bed and to sleep. In the middle of the night he was awakened by a loud crash, and on looking out he saw that a large beam had fallen, bringing part of the ceiling with it, and was lying exactly on the spot his bed had occupied.

One of the most remarkable cases of presentiment I know, is that which occurred not very long since on board one of her Majesty's ships when lying off Portsmouth. The officers being one day at the mess table, a young Lieutenant P. suddenly laid down his knife and fork, pushed away his plate, and turned extremely pale. He then rose from the table, covered his face with his hands, and retired from the room. The president of the mess, supposing him to be ill, sent one of the young men to inquire what was the matter. At first Mr. P. was unwilling to speak; but on being pressed, he confessed that he had been seized by a sudden and irresistible impression that a brother he had then in India was dead. "He died," said he, "on the 12th of August, at six o'clock; I am perfectly certain of it." No arguments could overthrow this opinion, which, in due course of post, was verified to the letter. The young man had died at Cawnpore, at the period mentioned.

OLD DOG TRAY.

M. CHARLES R.—a poor orphan living in the outskirts of Paris, had owing to him a debt of five hundred and twenty francs, which he never expected to get, so long had it been due, and so often had he applied in vain for it. However, finding himself entirely without money, a situation by no means uncommon among authors, he resolved to try the non-paying debtor once more. What was his amazement and delight, when a note of five hundred francs and a twenty franc piece was in his hands. Regarding it as an absolute godsend, he resolved to change the gold piece, and testify his gratitude to Heaven by giving it in alms on his way home. Placing the note in his pocket-book he fulfilled his benevolent design, and no beggar applied in vain during his long walk.

As he drew near home a wretched little dog came to him and besought his attention to its starving condition. At any other time he might have rudely driven it away; but this evening his heart was open, and he concluded to take the poor brute with him. True, his wife hated dogs, but he trusted to his good fortune to soften her heart as it had his. It was quite dark when he reached home, and he entered the house with the dog close to his heels.

"What is that?" cried the lady, preparing to drive the intruder out of the door.

"Only a poor little dog I have made bold to bring home with me. But listen, wife, to my good fortune."

As he related the story, the good lady became mollified, and the little dog was almost forgotten.

"See, here is the money, safe in my pocket-book," concluded the husband, putting his hand in his pocket to furnish the proof of his story. But no pocket-book was there! It was gone! And despair seized the poor author's heart. Rage again rose in the good wife, and the dog was an admirable scapegoat. Seizing a stick—"Get out of my house!" she cried. "But for attending to you, that stupid man would not have lost his money!"

But the dog would not move, and cowered closer to the feet of the first friend, who had not now the heart to protect him. So, lifting him in her arms, the angry lady prepared forcibly to eject him, when, lo! there, tightly grasped in his mouth was the missing pocket-book, which the obscurity had prevented their seeing before. It had fallen through a rent in the master's pocket, and the grateful creature had picked it up and kept it safely till discovered.

There is at this day no more honored member of the author's family than the now fat and sleek dog, who ever occupies the warmest corner of the hearth.

HEALTHY EFFECT OF TREES.—The interposition of a dense forest, of a high wall, a chain of elevated hills, or any other natural or mechanical obstacle, has been known to protect the inhabitants of villages, of camps, of convents, and of single habitations, from the pestiferous influence of neighboring marshes. A notable instance of this sanitary principle is stated in respect to a convent, situated on Mount Argental, near the village of St. Stephan, which for a long time was remarkable for its salubrity, but when the trees were cut down, it became extremely sickly.

HARMONY OF REVELATION AND SCIENCE.

DURING the past few years, much discussion has been elicited in regard to the teachings of geology and their bearing on Revelation. Some have asserted that the views of geologists respecting the age of the world, and the succession of organic creation, contradict the Scriptures, while others assert the contrary.

The question is one of deep interest, and has engaged, and is now engaging, the attention of many men eminent for scholastic and scientific attainments. Various works have been written, *pro* and *con*, on the subject, and numerous controversial papers given to the world, through the columns of certain periodicals.

Prof. Taylor Lewis, of Union College, distinguished for his biblical learning, and Prof. Dana, of Yale College, so eminent for his scientific knowledge and ability, have had a discussion in recent numbers of the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, and the question does not seem to be considered exhausted, for Prof. Barrows, of Andover, has gone into it again in the last number of this able review.

In our opinion the question has been brought to a point at which it may be truly said, "argument is exhausted and further discussion worse than useless." Our reasons for these opinions will be given in a few words.

The Scriptures and the science of geology teach us that this earth was, at one period, in a state or condition without a living thing upon it—no plant, no flower, no insect, bird, beast or man. Both teach us that the successive acts of creation described in the first book of Genesis are in exact accordance with the revelations of the book of nature. There is no difference of opinion between the teachings of Revelation and Science on these points.

One class believe that the *days* mentioned in the first chapter of Genesis, mean epochs of time, and may be so interpreted, and thus accord with the teachings of geology; the other class believe that the days referred to can not be so interpreted—that they mean solar days; and thus they assert that this science, as generally taught, is contradictory to Revelation. Thus the main question stands—but not involving, we conceive, the least contradiction between Science and Revelation, for the question of controversy is one only relating to TIME.

Moses, who certainly was ignorant of geology, has described the successive acts of creation in that specific order which accords with the science of geology. It is reasonable to suppose that an ignorant man, in describing the order of nature, as unfolded by the successive *fits* of the great Jehovah, would have presented only a confused and contradictory effusion; but instead of the first chapter of history being of this character, it vibrates in unison with the discoveries of the most modern science, thus proving that the pen of its author was directed by the Author of Creation. The question of the harmony of Revelation and Science, as it relates to the "orders of creation," stands upon a grand and impregnable basis.—*Scientific American.*

WATER.—This is one of the elements without which we could not exist. Neither animal nor vegetable life could possibly continue without water. Now the rains descend from heaven, and the dews fall lightly on the parched earth, causing it to bud and bring forth, that it may give "seed to the sower and bread to the eater." The earth is arrayed in all her charms. Everything is bright and beautiful, and joyous. The fountains send up their crystal waters beneath the cool shade, or, bursting their chains in the everlasting hills, pour out their contents to irrigate the plains and vallies below. We hear the music of ten thousand voices, and nature, animate and inanimate, unite in swelling the great anthem of praise to Him who formed "the heavens, and the earth, and the fountains of waters." The chiming of the little rill trickling from rugged rocks and mountain steep, is borne along by the passing zephyr; the faint murmuring of the distant waterfall comes to us on the evening breeze, and the soft low music of rippling streams falls soothingly on the sense as they meet, and their voices mingle in harmony. And then comes the solemn bass in Nature's anthem—the utterance of the Thunders—the din of Cataracts, and the hollow voices of assembled Oceans. All Creation is vocal. But once let the order of Nature be disturbed; let the natural process of exhalation by which our earth is watered and fertilized, be interrupted, and the scene would speedily be changed. The pale hues of death would steal over the bright and beautiful things of earth; the sweet spirit of the sounds and the colors would vanish, and all nature would be silent from mourning.

S. B. B.

THE ACTION OF LIGHT UPON THE GROWTH OF THE ROOTS OF PLANTS.—The action of light upon the growth of the leaves and stems of plants, and the attraction of the leaves toward it, is well known. That flowers, leaves, and stems turn to the light, is seen by any one who keeps plants in a window. The action of light, however, upon the roots is less known, although it is an equally important subject. Hitherto the tendencies of the roots to grow downward has been attributed to the influence of gravitation, the attraction at the ground from which the roots derive their nourishment; but light produces a still greater influence. The roots shun the light in the same proportion as the stems seek it. Experiments have proved this most satisfactorily. A deep box was taken, thoroughly impervious to light, and upon a wire grating at the upper end of the inside, peas and cross-seed were sown in wet moss. At the lower end of the box a small hole was made, through which the sun-light was thrown by means of a reflector placed underneath. As the seeds began to vegetate, the roots grew upward, and the leaves downward, toward the light.

THE Emperor of Russia it is said, has resolved to introduce the Gregorian calendar into Russia, and thus to do away with the difference of 12 days between the old style and the new. This change will greatly aid the development of commerce.

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